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SENECA's MORALS;

BY WAY OF ABSTRACT:

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A DISCOURSE, UNDER THE TITLE OF AN

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BY

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CONTENTS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Page

ANGER described; it is against nature, and only to be found in man..... 1
The rise of anger..... 5
Anger may be suppressed..... 8
It is a short madness, and a deformed vice 13
Anger is neither warrantable, nor useful..... 16
Anger in general, with the danger and effects of it..... 29
The ordinary grounds and occasions of anger 42
Advice in the cases of contumely and revenge 50
Cautions against anger in the matter of education, converse, and other general means of preventing it, both in ourselves and others..... 56
Against rash judgment..... 65
Take nothing ill from another man, until you have made it your own case..... 71
Of cruelty 74
Clemency..... 81
Certain general directions for the government of the voice.... 105
Of styles, compositions, and the choice of words..... 108
Against all sorts of affectation in discourse 115
Business, and want of news, are no excuse among friends for not writing..... 122
Seneca gives an account of himself..... 130

Page
The blessings of a virtuous retirement..... 138
Of impertinent studies and impertinent men 146
Against singularity of manners and behaviour 150
The blessings of a vigorous mind..... 153
Custom is a great matter, either in good, or evil..... 158
We are divided in ourselves, and confound good and evil..... 162
We are moved at the novelty of things, for want of understanding the reason of them 167
Every man is the artificer of his own fortune.---Of justice and injustice..... 171
Of trust in friendship, prayer, and bodily exercise..... 175
The danger of flattery, and in what cases a man may be allowed to commend himself..... 179
A general dissolution of manners, with a censure of corrupt magistrates..... 184
The original of all men is the same, and virtue is the only nobility 189
We are juster to men than to God.---Of life and death.---Of good and evil..... 193
Of true courage..... 199
The advantages of a private life, and the slavery of a public.... 203
The two blessings of life are a sound body and a quiet mind.... 209
Man is compounded of soul and body, and has naturally a civil war within himself 216
We abuse God's blessings, and turn them into mischiefs..... 220
A discourse of God's providence in the misfortunes of good men 227
A wise and a good man is a proof against all accidents of fate.. 235
All things are produced out of cause and matter..... 240
Some traditions of the ancients concerning thunder and lightning, with the author's contemplation thereupon..... 245
A contemplation of heaven and heavenly things.---Of God, and the soul..... 249
Postscript..... 257
After-thought..... 259

SENECA's MORALS.

OF ANGER.

ANGER DESCRIBED; IT IS AGAINST NATURE, AND ONLY TO BE FOUND IN MAN.

WE are here to encounter the most outrageous, brutal, dangerous, and intractable of all passions, the most loathsome and unmannerly, nay, the most ridiculous too; and the subduing of this monster will do a great deal toward the establishment of human peace. It is the method of physicians to begin with a description of the disease, before they meddle with the cure; and I know not why this may not do as well in the distempers of the mind, as in those of the body.

The Stoics will have anger to be—a desire of punishing another for some injury done. Against

which it is objected, that we are many times angry with those that never did hurt us, but possibly may, though the harm be not as yet done. But, I say, that they hurt us already in conceit, and the very purpose of it is an injury in thought, before it breaks out into an act. It is opposed again—that if anger were a desire of punishing, mean people would not be angry with great ones, that are out of their reach; for no man can be said to desire any thing which he judges impossible to compass. But, I answer to this, that anger is the desire, not the power, and faculty of revenge: neither is any man so low, but that the greatest man alive may, peradventure, lie at his mercy.

Aristotle takes anger to be—a desire of paying sorrow for sorrow, and of plaguing those that have plagued us. It is argued against both, that beasts are angry, though neither provoked by any injury, nor moved with a desire of any body's grief, or punishment; nay, though they cause it, they do not design or seek it. Neither is anger (how unreasonable soever in itself) found any where but in reasonable creatures. It is true, that beasts have an impulse of rage and fierceness, as they are more affected also than men with some pleasures; but we may as well call them luxurious and ambitious, as angry; and yet they are not without certain images of human affections. They

have their likings and their loathings, but neither the passions of reasonable nature, nor their virtues, nor their vices. They are moved to fury by some objects, they are quieted by others; they have their terrors and their disappointments, but without reflection; and let them be ever so irritated, or affrighted, so soon as ever the occasion is removed, they fall to their meat again, lie down, and take their rest. Wisdom and thought are the goods of the mind, whereof brutes are wholly incapable; and we are as unlike them within, as we are without: they have an odd kind of fancy, and they have a voice too, but inarticulate and confused, and incapable of those variations which are familiar to us.

Anger is not only a vice, but a vice point blank against nature, for it divides instead of joining, and, in some measure, frustrates the end of Providence in human society. One man was born to help another: anger makes us destroy one another; the one unites, the other separates; the one is beneficial to us, the other mischievous; the one succours even strangers, the other destroys even the most intimate friends; the one ventures all to save another, the other ruins himself to undo another. Nature is bountiful, but anger is pernicious; for it is not fear, but mutual love that binds up mankind.

Several sorts of anger.

There are some motions that look like anger, which cannot properly be called so; as the passion of the people against the gladiators, when they hang off, and will not make so quick a dispatch as the spectators would have them: there is something in it of the humour of children, that if they get a fall, will never leave bawling until the naughty ground is beaten, and then all is well again. They are angry without any cause, or injury; they are deluded by an imitation of strokes, and pacified with counterfeit tears. A false, and a childish sorrow, is appeased with as false and as childish a revenge. They take it for a contempt, if the gladiators do not immediately cast themselves upon the sword's point. They look presently about them, from one to another, as who should say—Do but see, my masters, how these rogues abuse us.

To descend to the particular branches and varieties, would be unnecessary and endless. There is a stubborn, a vindictive, a quarrelsome, a violent, a froward, a sullen, a morose kind of anger; and then we have this variety in complication too. One goes no farther than words; another proceeds immediately to blows, without a word speaking; a third sort breaks out into cursing and reproachful language; and there are that content themselves with chiding and com-

plaining. There is a conciliable anger, and there is an implacable; but in what form or degree soever it appears, all anger, without exception, is vicious.

THE RISE OF ANGER.

THE question will be here—Whether anger takes its rise from impulse, or judgment? That is, whether it be moved of its own accord, or, as many other things are, from within us, that arise we know not how? The clearing of this point will lead us to greater matters.

The first motion of anger is, in truth, involuntary, and only a kind of menacing preparation towards it. The second deliberates, as who should say—this injury should not pass without a revenge, and there it stops. The third is impotent, and, right or wrong, resolves upon vengeance. The first motion is not to be avoided, nor indeed the second, any more than yawning for company: custom and care may lessen it, but reason itself cannot overcome it. The third, as it rises upon consideration, it must fall so too; for that motion which proceeds with judgment, may be taken away with judgment. A man thinks himself injured, and hath a mind to be revenged, but for some reason lets it rest. This is not properly anger, but an affection over-ruled by reason: a kind of proposal disapproved. And what

are reason and affection, but only changes of the mind, for the better, or for the worse? Reason deliberates before it judges; but anger passes sentence without deliberation. Reason only attends the matter in hand; but anger is startled at every accident: it passes the bounds of reason, and carries it away with it. In short—anger is an agitation of the mind that proceeds to the resolution of a revenge, the mind assenting to it. There is no doubt but anger is moved by the species of an injury, but whether the motion be voluntary, or involuntary, is the point in debate; though it seems manifest to me, that anger does nothing but where the mind goes along with it. For, first, to take an offence, and then to meditate a revenge; and, after that, to lay both propositions together, and say to myself—this injury ought not to have been done; but as the case stands, I must do myself right. This discourse can never proceed without the concurrence of the will. The first motion indeed is single, but all the rest is deliberation and superstructure: there is something understood and condemned; an indignation conceived, and a revenge propounded. This can never be without the agreement of the mind to the matter in deliberation. The end of this question is, to know the nature and quality of anger. If it be bred in us, it will ever yield to reason, for all involuntary motions

are inevitable and invincible, as a kind of horror and shrugging upon the sprinkling of cold water; the hair standing on end at ill news; giddiness at the sight of a precipice; blushing at lewd discourse. In these cases, reason can do no good, but anger may undoubtedly be overcome by caution and good counsel; for it is a voluntary vice, and not of the condition of those accidents that befal us as frailties of our humanity: amongst which must be reckoned the first motions of the mind, after the opinion of an injury received, which it is not in the power of human nature to avoid: and this is it that affects us upon the stage, or in a story. Can any man read the death of Pompey, and not be touched with an indignation? The sound of a trumpet rouses the spirits, and provokes courage. It makes a man sad to see the shipwreck even of an enemy; and we are much surprised by fear in other cases: all these motions are not so much affections, as preludes to them. The clashing of arms, or the beating of a drum, excites a warhorse. Nay, a song from Xenophantes would make Alexander take his sword in his hand. In all these cases, the mind rather suffers than acts, and therefore it is not an affection to be moved, but to give way to that motion, and to follow willingly what was started by chance. These are not affections, but impulses of the body. The bravest

man in the world may look pale when he puts on his armour, his knees knock, and his heart work, before the battle is joined, but these are only motions; whereas anger is an excursion, and proposes revenge or punishment, which cannot be without the mind. As fear flies, so anger assaults; and it is not possible to resolve, either upon violence, or caution, without the concurrence of the will.

ANGER MAY BE SUPPRESSED.

It is an idle thing, to pretend that we cannot govern our anger: for some things that we do, are much harder than others that we ought to do; the wildest affections may be tamed by discipline, and there is hardly any thing which the mind will do, but it may do. There needs no more argument in this case, than the instances of several persons, both powerful and impatient, that have gotten the absolute mastery of themselves in this point.

Thrasippus, in his drink, fell foul upon the cruelties of Pisistratus, who, when he was urged by several about him to make an example of him, returned this answer—"Why should I be angry with a man who stumbles upon me blindfold?" In effect, most of our quarrels are of our own making, either by mistake, or by aggravation.

Anger comes sometimes upon us, but we go oftner to it, and instead of rejecting it, we call it.

Augustus was a great master of his passion, for Timagenus, an historian, who wrote several bitter things against his person and his family, which passed among the people plausible enough, as pieces of rash wit commonly do. Cæsar advised him several times to forbear, and when that would not do, forbad him his roof. After this Asinius Pollio gave him entertainment, and he was so well beloved in the city, that every man's house was open to him. Those things that he had written in honour of Augustus, he recited and burnt, and publicly professed himself Cæsar's enemy: Augustus, for all this, never fell out with any man that received him; only once he told Pollio that he had taken a snake into his bosom: and as Pollio was about to excuse himself — "No," says Cæsar, interrupting him, "make your best of him;" and offering to cast him off at that very moment, if Cæsar pleased. "Do you think," says Cæsar, "that I will ever contribute to the parting of you, that made you friends?" for Pollio was angry with him before, and only entertained him now, because Cæsar had discarded him.

The moderation of Antigonus was remarkable, some of his soldiers were railing at him one night, where there was but a hanging betwixt them:

Pedius Pollio masters his anger through fear.

Antigonus overheard them, and putting it gently aside—"Soldiers," says he, "stand a little farther off, for fear the king should hear you." And we are to consider not only violent examples but moderate, where there wanted neither cause of displeasure, nor power of revenge: as in the case of Antigonus, who, the same night, hearing his soldiers cursing him for bringing them into so foul a way, he went to them, and, without telling them who he was, helped them out of it. "Now," says he, "you may be allowed to curse him that brought you into the mire, provided you bless him that took you out of it."

It was a notable story, that of Pedius Pollio, upon his inviting Augustus to supper. One of his boys happened to break a glass, and his master, in a rage, commanded him to be thrown into a pond, to feed his lampreys. This action of his might be taken for luxury, though, in truth, it was cruelty. The boy was seized, but brake loose, and threw himself at Augustus's feet, only desiring that he might not die that death! Cæsar, in abhorrence of the barbarity, presently ordered all the rest of the glasses to be broken, the boy to be released, and the pond to be filled up, that there might be no farther occasion for an inhumanity of that nature. This was an authority well employed. Shall the breaking of a glass cost a man his life? Nothing but a predominant

fear could ever have mastered his choleric and sanguinary disposition. This man deserved to die a thousand deaths, either for eating human flesh at second hand, in his lampreys, or for keeping of his fish to be so fed.

It is written of Præxaspes (a favourite of Cambyses, who was much given to wine), that he took the freedom to tell his prince of his hard drinking, and to lay before him the scandal and the inconveniences of his excesses, and how that, in those distempers, he had not the command of himself. "Now," says Cambyses, "to shew you your mistake, you shall see me drink deeper than ever I did, and yet keep the use of my eyes and of my hands, as well as if I were sober." Upon this, he drank to a higher pitch than ordinary, and ordered Præxaspes his son to go out, and stand on the other side of the threshold, with his left arm over his head—"and," says he, "if I have a good aim, have at the heart of him." He shot, and upon cutting up the young man, they found indeed that the arrow had struck him through the middle of the heart. "What do you think now," says Cambyses, "is my hand steady or no?" — "Apollo himself," says Præxaspes, could not have outdone it." It may be a question now, which was the greater impiety, the murder itself, or the commendation of it; for

him to take the heart of his son, while it was yet reeking and panting under the wound, for an occasion of flattery. Why was there not another experiment made upon the father, to try if Cambyses could not have yet mended his shot? This was a most unmanly violation of hospitality, but the approbation of the fact was still worse than the crime itself. This example of Præxaspes proves sufficiently that a man may repress his anger, for he returned not one ill word, no not so much as a complaint, but he paid dear for his good counsel. He had been wiser, perhaps, if he had let the king alone in his cups, for he had better have drunk wine than blood. It is a dangerous office to give good advice to intemperate princes.

Another instance of anger suppressed we have in Harpagus, who was commanded to expose Cyrus upon a mountain, but the child was preserved; which when Astyages came afterwards to understand, he invited Harpagus to a dish of meat; and when he had eaten his fill, he told him it was a piece of his son, and asked him how he liked the seasoning. "Whatever pleases your majesty," said Harpagus, "must please me," and he made no more words of it. It is most certain that we might govern our anger if we would; for the same thing that galls us at home, gives us no

offence at all abroad; and what is the reason of it, but that we are patient in one place and froward in another?

It was a strong provocation that which was given to Philip of Macedon, the father of Alexander:—the Athenians sent their ambassadors to him, and they were received with this compliment —"Tell me, gentlemen," says Philip, "What is there that I can do to oblige the Athenians?" Democharas, one of the ambassadors told him, that they would take it for a great obligation, if he would be pleased to hang himself. This insolence gave an indignation to the by-standers, but Philip bad them not to meddle with him, but even to let that foulmouthed fellow go as he came. "And for you, the rest of the ambassadors," says he, "pray tell the Athenians, that it is worse to speak such things, than to hear and forgive them." This wonderful patience under contumelies was a great means of Philip's security.

IT IS A SHORT MADNESS, AND A DEFORMED VICE.

He was much in the right, whoever it was, that first called anger a short madness, for they have both of them the same symptoms, and there is so wonderful a resemblance betwixt the transports of choler and those of phrensy, that it is

does not only turn a man into a beast, but makes even the most outrageous of beasts themselves to be more dreadful and mischievous! a vice, that carries along with it neither pleasure nor profit, neither honour nor security, but, on the contrary, destroys us to all the comfortable and glorious purposes of our reasonable being. Some there are, that will have the root of it to be greatness of mind. And why may we not as well entitle impudence to courage: whereas the one is proud, the other brave; the one is gracious and gentle, the other rude and furious? At the same rate we may ascribe magnanimity to avarice, luxury, and ambition, which are all but splendid impotencies, without measure and without foundation. There is nothing great but what is virtuous, nor indeed truly great, but what is also composed and quiet. Anger, alas! is but a wild impetuous blast, an empty tumour, the very infirmity of women and children, a brawling clamorous evil: and the more noise the less courage; as we find it commonly, that the boldest tongues have the faintest hearts.

ANGER IS NEITHER WARRANTABLE, NOR USEFUL.

In the first place, anger is unwarrantable, as it is unjust: for it falls many times upon the wrong person, and discharges itself upon the in-

nocent, instead of the guilty; beside the disproportion of making the most trivial offences to be capital, and punishing an inconsiderate word perhaps with torments, fetters, infamy, or death. It allows a man neither time, nor means of defence, but judges a cause without hearing it, and admits of no mediation. It flies into the face of truth itself, if it be of the adverse party; and turns obstinacy in an error, into an argument of justice. It does every thing with agitation and tumult; whereas reason and equity can destroy whole families, if there be occasion for it, even to the extinguishing of their names and memories, without any indecency, either of countenance or action.

Secondly, it is insociable to the highest point, for it spares neither friend nor foe, but tears all to pieces, and casts human nature into a perpetual state of war. It dissolves the bond of mutual society, insomuch that our very companions and relations dare not come near us; it renders us unfit for the ordinary offices of life, for we can neither govern our tongues, our hands, nor any part of our body. It tramples upon the laws of hospitality and of nations, leaves every man to be his own carver, and all things, public and private, sacred and profane, suffer violence.

Thirdly, it is to no purpose. It is a sad thing, we cry, to put up these injuries, and we are not

able to bear them; as if any man that can bear anger, could not bear an injury, which is much more supportable. You will say, that anger does some good yet, for it keeps people in awe, and secures a man from contempt; never considering, that it is more dangerous to be feared than despised. Suppose that an angry man could do as much as he threatens; the more terrible, he is still the more odious; and, on the other side, if he wants power, he is the more despicable for his anger; for there is nothing more wretched than a choleric huff, that makes a noise, and nobody cares for it. If anger should be valuable, because men are afraid of it, why not an adder, a toad, or a scorpion as well? it makes us lead the life of gladiators; we live, and we fight together. We hate the happy, despise the miserable, envy our superiors, insult upon our inferiors, and there is nothing in the world which we will not do, either for pleasure or profit. To be angry at offenders, is to make ourselves the common enemies of mankind, which is both weak and wicked, and we may as well be angry that our thistles do not bring forth apples, or that every pebble in our ground is not an oriental pearl. If we are angry, both with young men and with old, because they do offend, why not with infants too, because they will offend? It is laudable to rejoice for any thing that is well

done; but, to be transported for another man's doing ill, is narrow and sordid. Nor is it for the dignity of virtue to be either angry, or sad. It is with a tainted mind as with an ulcer, not only the touch, but the very offer at it makes us shrink and complain; when we come once to be carried off from our poise, we are lost. In the choice of a sword, we take care that it be wieldy, and well mounted; and it concerns us as much to be wary of engaging in the excesses of ungovernable passions. It is not the speed of a horse altogether that pleases us, unless we find that he can stop and turn at pleasure. It is a sign of weakness and a kind of stumbling, for a man to run when he intends only to walk; and it behoves us to have the same command of our mind that we have of our bodies. Besides that, the greatest punishment of an injury is the conscience of having done it; and no man suffers more, than he that is turned over to the pain of a repentance. How much better is it to compose injuries than to revenge them; for it does not only spend time, but the revenge of one injury exposes us to more. In fine, as it is unreasonable to be angry at a crime, it is foolish to be angry without one.

But, may not an honest man then be allowed to be angry at the murder of his father, or the ravishing of his sister, or daughter, before his face? No, not at all; I will defend my parents,

and I will repay the injuries that are done them; but it is my piety, and not my anger, that moves me to it. I will do my duty without fear or confusion; I will not rage, I will not weep, but discharge the office of a good man, without forfeiting the dignity of a man. If my father be assaulted, I will endeavour to rescue him; if he be killed, I will do right to his memory; and all this not in any transport of passion, but in honour and conscience. Neither is there any need of anger, where reason does the same thing. A man may be temperate, and yet vigorous, and raise his mind according to the occasion, more or less, as a stone is thrown according to the discretion and intent of the caster. How outrageous have I seen some people for the loss of a monkey, or a spaniel? and were it not a shame to have the same sense for a friend that we have for a puppy, and to cry like children, as much for a bauble as for the ruin of our country? this is not an effect of reason, but of infirmity. For a man indeed to expose his person for his prince, or for his parents, or his friends, out of a sense of honesty, and a judgment of duty, it is, without dispute, a worthy and a glorious action; but it must be done then with sobriety, calmness, and resolution. It is high time to convince the world of the indignity and uselessness of this passion, when it has the authority and recommendation of no

But it may be counterfeited.

less than Aristotle himself, as an affection very much conducing to all heroic actions, that require heat and vigour. Now, to shew on the other side, that it is not in any case profitable, we shall lay open the obstinate and unbridled madness of it; a wickedness, neither sensible of infamy, nor of glory; without either modesty or fear; and if it passes once from anger into a hardened hatred, it is incurable. It is either stronger than reason, or it is weaker. If stronger, there is no contending with it; if weaker, reason will do the business without it. Some will have it that an angry man is good-natured and sincere, whereas, in truth, he only lays himself open out of heedlessness, and want of caution. If it were in itself good, the more of it the better; but in this case, the more the worse; and a wise man does his duty without the aid of any thing that is ill. It is objected by some, that those are the most generous creatures which are the most prone to anger. But first, reason in man, is impetuous in beasts. Secondly, without discipline, it runs into audaciousness and temerity; over and above that, the same thing does not help all. If anger helps the lion, it is fear that saves the stag, swiftness the hawk, and flight the pigeon: but man has God for his example (who is never angry), and not the creatures. And yet it is not amiss sometimes to counterfeit anger, as

upon the stage; nay, upon the bench, and in the pulpit, where the imitation of it is more effectual than the thing itself. But it is a great error, to take this passion either for a companion or for an assistant to virtue; that makes a man incapable of those necessary counsels by which virtue is to govern herself. Those are false and inauspicious powers, and destructive of themselves, which arise only from the accession and fervour of a disease. Reason judges according to right; anger will have every thing seem right whatever it does, and when it has once pitched upon a mistake, it is never to be convinced, but prefers a pertinacy, even in the greatest evil, before the most necessary repentance.

Some people are of opinion, that anger inflames and animates the soldier, that it is a spur to bold and arduous undertakings, and that it were better to moderate than wholly suppress it, for fear of dissolving the spirit and force of the mind. To this I answer, that virtue does not need the help of vice, but where there is any ardour of mind necessary, we may rouse ourselves, and be more or less brisk and vigorous, as there is occasion, but all without anger still. It is a mistake, to say, that we may make use of anger as a common soldier, but not as a commander; for if it hears reason and follows orders, it is not properly anger; and if it does not, it is contumacious and

mutinous. By this argument, a man must be angry to be valiant, covetous to be industrious, timorous to be safe, which makes our reason confederate with our affections. And it is all one, whether passion be inconsiderate without reason, or reason ineffectual without passion, since the one cannot be without the other. It is true, the less the passion, the less is the mischief; for a little passion is the smaller evil. Nay, so far is it from being of use or advantage in the field, that it is the place of all others where it is the most dangerous; for the actions of war are to be managed with order and caution, not precipitation and fancy: whereas anger is heedless and heady, and the virtue only of barbarous nations, which, though their bodies were much stronger, and more hardened, were still worsted by the moderation and discipline of the Romans. There is not upon the face of the earth a bolder, or a more indefatigable nation than the Germans; not a braver upon a charge, not a hardier against colds and heats; their only delight and exercise is arms, to the utter neglect of all things else; and yet, upon the encounter, they are broken and destroyed through their own undisciplined temerity, even by the most effeminate of men. The huntsman is not angry with the wild boar, when he either pursues or receives him; a good sword-man watches his opportunity, and keeps

himself upon his guard, whereas passion lays a man open: nay, it is one of the prime lessons in a fencing school, to learn not to be angry. If Fabius had been choleric, Rome had been lost: and before he conquered Hannibal, he overcame himself. If Scipio had been angry, he would never have left Hannibal and his army (who were the proper objects of his displeasure), to carry the war into Africa, and so compass his end by a more temperate way; nay, he was so slow, that it was charged upon him for want of mettle and resolution. And what did the other Scipio? (Africanus I mean). How much time did he spend before Numantia, to the common grief both of his country and himself? though he reduced it at last, by so miserable a famine, that the inhabitants laid violent hands upon themselves, and left neither man, woman, nor child, to survive the ruins of it. If anger makes a man fight better, so does wine, frenzy, nay, and fear itself; for the greatest coward in despair does the greatest wonders. No man is courageous in his anger, that was not so without it. But put the case, that anger, by accident, may have done some good, and so have fevers removed some distempers; but it is an odious kind of remedy, that makes us indebted to a disease for a cure. How many men have been preserved by poison, by a fall from a precipice, by a shipwreck, by a

The end of it is sorrow.

tempest? Does it therefore follow that we are to recommend the practice of these experiments?

But in case of an exemplary and prostitute dissolution of manners, when Clodius shall be preferred, and Cicero rejected; when loyalty shall be broken upon the wheel, and treason sit triumphant upon the bench, is not this a subject to move the choler of any virtuous man? No, by no means, virtue will never allow of the correcting of one vice by another; or that anger, which is the greater crime of the two, should presume to punish the less. It is the natural property of virtue to make a man serene and chearful, and it is not for the dignity of a philosopher to be transported either with grief or anger; and then the end of anger is sorrow, the constant effect of disappointment and repentance. But to my purpose—if a man should be angry at wickedness, the greater the wickedness is, the greater must be his anger; and so long as there is wickedness in the world, he must never be pleased; which makes his quiet dependent upon the humour or manners of others. There passes not a day over our heads, but he that is choleric shall have some cause or other of displeasure, either from men, accidents, or business. He shall never stir out his house, but he shall meet with criminals of all sorts, prodigal, impudent, covetous, perfidious, contentious; children persecuting their parents,

parents cursing their children; the innocent accused, the delinquent acquitted, and the judge practising that in his chamber, which he condemns upon the bench: in fine, wherever there are men there are faults; and, upon these terms, Socrates himself should never bring the same countenance home again that he carried out with him.

If anger were sufferable in any case, it might be allowed against an incorrigible criminal under the hand of justice; but punishment is not matter of anger, but of caution. The law is without passion, and strikes malefactors as we do serpents and venomous creatures, for fear of greater mischief. It is not for the dignity of a judge, when he comes to pronounce the fatal sentence, to express any motions of anger in his looks, words, or gestures: for he condemns the vice, not the man; and looks upon the wickedness without anger, as he does upon the prosperity of wicked men without envy. But though he be not angry, I would have him a little moved, in point of humanity; but yet without any offence either to his place or wisdom. Our passions vary, but reason is equal; and it were a great folly for that which is stable, faithful, and sound, to repair for succour to that which is uncertain, false, and distempered. If the offender be incurable, take him out of the world, that if he will not be good, he

may cease to be evil; but this must be without anger too. Does any man hate an arm, or a leg, when he cuts it off? or reckon that a passion, which is only a miserable cure? We knock mad dogs on the head, and remove scabbed sheep out of the fold; and this is not anger still, but reason, to separate the sick from the sound. Justice cannot be angry; nor is there any need of an angry magistrate, for the punishment of foolish and wicked men. The power of life and death must not be managed with passion. We give a horse the spur, that is restiff, or jadish, and tries to cast his rider; but this is without anger too, and only to take down his stomach, and bring him by correction to obedience.

It is true, that correction is necessary, yet within reason and bounds; for it does not hurt, but profit us under an appearance of harm. Ill dispositions in the mind are to be dealt with as those in the body; the physician first tries purging and abstinence; if this will not do, he proceeds to bleeding, nay, to dismembering, rather than fail; for there is no operation too severe that ends in health. The public magistrate begins with persuasion, and his business is, to beget a detestation for vice, and a veneration for virtue, from thence, if need be, he advances to admonition and reproach, and then to punishments; but moderate, and revocable, unless the wicked-

ness be incurable, and then the punishment must be so too. There is only this difference, the physician, when he cannot save his patient's life, endeavours to make his death easy; but the magistrate aggravates the death of the criminal with infamy and disgrace, not as delighting in the severity of it (for no good man can be so barbarous), but for example, and to the end that they that will do no good living, may do some dead. The end of all correction is, either the amendment of wicked men, or to prevent the influence of ill example: for men are punished with a respect to the future, not to expiate offences committed, but for fear of worse to come. Public offenders must be a terror to others; but still, all this while, the power of life and death must not be managed with passion. The medicine, in the mean time, must be suited to the disease: infamy cures one, pain another, exile cures a third, beggary a fourth, but there are some that are only to be cured by the gibbet. I would be no more angry with a thief, or a traitor, than I am with myself when I open a vein. All punishment is but a moral, or civil remedy. I do not do any thing that is very ill, but yet I transgress often. Try me first with a private reprehension, then with a public; if that will not serve, see what banishment will do; if not that either, load me with chains, lay me in prison; but if I

should prove wicked, even for wickedness sake, and leave no hope of reclaiming me, it would be a kind of mercy to destroy me. Vice is incorporated with me, and there is no remedy, but the taking of both away together; but still, without anger.

ANGER IN GENERAL, WITH THE DANGER AND EFFECTS OF IT.

THERE is no surer argument of a great mind, than not to be transported to anger by any accident; the clouds and the tempests are formed below, but all above is quiet and serene, which is the emblem of a brave man, that suppresses all provocations, and lives within himself, modest, venerable, and composed: whereas anger is a turbulent humour, which at first dash casts off all shame, without any regard to order, measure, or good manners, transporting a man into misbecoming violences, with his tongue, his hands, and every part of his body. And whoever considers the foulness and the brutality of this vice, must acknowledge that there is no such monster in nature, as one man raging against another, and labouring to sink that which can never be drowned, but with himself for company. It renders us incapable either of discourse, or of other common duties. It is of all passions the most powerful: for it makes a man that is in love to kill his mis-

tress; the ambitious man to trample upon his honours, and the covetous to throw away his fortune. There is not any mortal that lives free from the danger of it, for it makes even the heavy and the good-natured to be fierce and outrageous: it invades us like a pestilence, the lusty as well as the weak; and it is not either strength of body, or a good diet, that can secure us against it; nay, the learnedest, and men otherwise of exemplary sobriety, are infested with it. It is so potent a passion, that Socrates durst not trust himself with it. "Sirrah," says he to his man, "now would I beat you, if I were not angry with you." There is no age, or sect of men, that escapes it. Other vices take us one by one, but this, like an epidemical contagion, sweeps all; men, women, and children, princes and beggars, are carried away with it in shoals and troops, as one man. It was never seen, that a whole nation was in love with one woman, or unanimously bent upon one vice, but here and there, some particular men are tainted with some particular crimes: whereas in anger, a single word many times inflames the whole multitude, and men betake themselves presently to fire and sword upon it; the rabble take upon them to give laws to their governors, the common soldiers to their officers, to the ruin, not only of private families, but of kingdoms, turning their

arms against their own leaders, and chusing their own generals. There is no public council, no putting of things to the vote, but, in a rage, the mutineers divide from the senate, name their head, force the nobility into their own houses, and put them to death with their own hands. The laws of nations are violated, the persons of public ministers affronted, whole cities infected with a general madness, and no respite allowed for the abatement or discussing of this public tumour. The ships are crowded with tumultuary soldiers; and, in this rude and ill-boding manner they march, and act under the conduct only of their own passions. Whatever comes next serves them for arms, until at last they pay for their licentious rashness, with the slaughter of the whole party: this is the event of a heady and inconsiderate war. When men's minds are struck with the opinion of an injury, they fall on immediately wheresoever their passion leads them, without either order, fear, or caution; provoking their own mischief; never at rest until they come to blows, and pursuing their revenge even with their bodies upon the points of their enemies weapons. So that the anger itself is much more hurtful to us than the injury that provokes it; for the one is bounded, but where the other will stop, no man living knows. There are no greater slaves certainly, than those that serve anger, for they im-

prove their misfortunes by an impatience more insupportable than the calamity that causes it.

Nor does it rise by degrees, as other passions, but flashes like gunpowder, blowing up all in a moment. Neither does it only press to the mark, but overbears every thing in the way to it. Other vices drive us, but this hurries us headlong; other passions stand firm themselves, though perhaps we cannot resist them, but this consumes and destroys itself: it falls like thunder, or a tempest, with an irrevocable violence, that gathers strength in the passage, and then evaporates in the conclusion. Other vices are unreasonable, but this is unhealthful too; other distempers have their intervals and degrees, but in this we are thrown down as from a precipice: there is not any thing so amazing to others, or so destructive to itself; so proud and insolent if it succeeds, or so extravagant if it be disappointed. No repulse discourages it, and for want of other matter to work upon, it falls foul upon itself, and let the ground be ever so trivial, it is sufficient for the wildest outrage imaginable. It spares neither age, sex, nor quality. Some people would be luxurious, perchance, but that they are poor; and others lazy, if they were not perpetually kept at work. The simplicity of a country life keeps many men in ignorance of the frauds and impieties of courts and camps: but no na-

tion, or condition of men, is exempt from the impressions of anger, and it is equally dangerous as well in war as in peace. We find that elephants will be made familiar, bulls will suffer children to ride upon their backs and play with their horns, bears and lions, by good usage, will be brought to fawn upon their masters: how desperate a madness is it then for men, after the reclaiming of the fiercest of beasts, and the bringing of them to be tractable and domestic, to become yet worse than beasts to one another? Alexander had two friends, Clytus and Lysimachus, the one he exposed to a lion, the other to himself; and he that was turned loose to the beast escaped. Why do we not rather make the best of a short life, and render ourselves amiable to all while we live, and desirable when we die?

Let us bethink ourselves of our mortality, and not squander away the little time that we have upon animosities and feuds, as if it were never to be at an end. Had we not better enjoy the pleasure of our own life, than be still contriving how to gall and torment another's? In all our brawlings and contentions, never so much as dreaming of our weakness. Do we not know that these implacable enmities of ours lie at the mercy of a fever, or any petty accident to disappoint? Our fate is at hand, and the very hour that we have set for another man's death, may, peradventure,

Our wrath cannot go beyond death.

be prevented by our own. What is it that we make all this bustle for, and so needlessly disquiet our minds? We are offended with our servants, our masters, our princes, our clients: it is but a little patience, and we shall be all of us equal; so that there is no need either of ambushes, or combats. Our wrath cannot go beyond death; and death will most undoubtedly come, whether we be peevish or quiet. It is time lost, to take pains to do that, which will infallibly be done without us. But, suppose that we would only have our enemy banished, disgraced, or damaged, let his punishment be more or less, it is yet too long, either for him to be inhumanly tormented, or for us ourselves to be most barbarously pleased with it. It holds in anger as in mourning, it must and will at last fall of itself; let us look to it then betimes, for when it is once come to an ill habit, we shall never want matter to feed it; and it is much better to overcome our passions than to be overcome by them: some way or other, either our parents, children, servants, acquaintances, or strangers, will be continually vexing us. We are tossed hither and thither by our affections, like a feather in a storm, and by fresh provocations the madness becomes perpetual. Miserable creatures! that ever our precious hours should be so ill employed! how prone and eager are we in our ha-

tred, and how backward in our love! Were it not much better now to be making of friendships, pacifying of enemies, doing of good offices, both public and private, than to be still meditating of mischief, and designing how to wound one man in his fame, another in his fortune, a third in his person? the one being so easy, innocent and safe, and the other so difficult, impious, and hazardous. Nay, take a man in chains, and at the foot of his oppressor, how many are there, who, even in this case, have maimed themselves in the heat of their violence upon others?

This untractable passion is much more easily kept out, than governed when it is once admitted; for the stronger will give laws to the weaker; and make reason a slave to the appetite. It carries us headlong, and, in the course of our fury, we have no more command of our minds, than we have of our bodies down a precipice, when they are once in motion, there is no stop until they come to the bottom. Not but that it is possible for a man to be warm in winter, and not to sweat in summer, either by the benefit of the place, or the hardiness of the body, and, in like manner, we may provide against anger. But, certain it is, that virtue and vice can never agree in the same subject; and one may be as well a sick man and a sound at the same time, as a good man and an angry. Beside, if we will needs

It is honourable to exchange a feud for a friendship.

be quarrelsome, it must be with our superior, our equal, or inferior. To contend with our superiors is folly and madness, with our equals it is doubtful and dangerous, and with our inferiors it is base. Nor does any man know but that he that is now our enemy, may come hereafter to be our friend, over and above the reputation of clemency and good-nature. And what can be more honourable, or comfortable, than to exchange a feud for a friendship? The people of Rome never had more faithful allies than those that were at first the most obstinate enemies: neither had the Roman empire ever arrived at that height of power, if Providence had not mingled the vanquished with the conquerors. There is an end of the contest when one side deserts it; so that the paying of anger with benefits puts a period to the controversy. But, however, if it be our fortune to transgress, let not our anger descend to the children, friends, or relations, even of our bitterest enemies. The very cruelty of Sylla was heightened by that instance of incapacitating the issue of the proscribed. It is inhuman to intail the hatred we have for the father upon his posterity. A good and a wise man is not to be an enemy of wicked men, but a reprover of them; and he is to look upon all the drunkards, the lustful, the thankless, covetous, and ambitious, that he meets with, no otherwise

than as a physician looks upon his patients; for he that will be angry with any man, must be displeased with all; which were as ridiculous, as to quarrel with a body for stumbling in the dark; with one that is deaf, for not doing as you bid him; or with a school-boy, for loving his play better than his book. Democritus laughed, and Heraclitus wept, at the folly and wickedness of the world, but we never read of an angry philosopher.

This is undoubtedly the most detestable of vices, even compared with the worst of them. Avarice scrapes and gathers together, that which some body may be the better for: but anger lashes out, and no man comes off gratis. An angry master makes one servant run away, and another hang himself; and his choler causes him much greater loss than he suffered in the occasion of it. It is the cause of mourning to the father, and of divorce to the husband; it makes the magistrate odious, and gives the candidate a repulse. And it is worse than luxury too, which only aims at its proper pleasure; whereas the other is bent upon another body's pain. The malevolent, and the envious, content themselves only to wish another man miserable; but it is the business of anger to make him so, and to wreak the mischief itself, not so much desiring the hurt of another, as to inflict it. Among the

powerful it breaks out into open war, and into a private one with the common people, but without force, or arms. In engages us in treacheries, perpetual troubles and contentions: it alters the very nature of a man, and punishes itself in the persecution of others. Humanity excites us to love, this to hatred; that to be beneficial to others, this to hurt them; beside that, though it proceeds from too high a conceit of ourselves, it is yet, in effect, but a narrow and contemptible affection, especially when it meets with a mind that is hard, and impenetrable, and returns the dart upon the head of him that casts it.

To take a farther view now of the miserable consequences, and sanguinary effects of this hideous distemper, from hence come slaughters and poisons, wars and desolations, the razing and burning of cities, the unpeopling of nations, and the turning of populous countries into deserts, public massacres and regicides, princes led in triumph, some murdered in their bed-chambers, others stabbed in the senate, or cut off, in the security of their spectacles and pleasures. Some there are that take anger for a princely quality, as Darius, who, in his expedition against the Scythians, being besought by a nobleman that had three sons, that he would vouchsafe to accept of two of them into his service, and leave the third at home for a comfort to his father. "I

will do more for you than that," says Darius, "for you shall have them all three again:" so he ordered them to be slain before his face, and left him their bodies. But Xerxes dealt a little better with Pythius, who had five sons, and desired only one of them for himself. Xerxes bid him take his choice, and he named the eldest, whom he immediately commanded to be cut in halves, and one half of the body to be laid on each side of the way, when his army was to pass betwixt them. Undoubtedly a most auspicious sacrifice; but he came afterward to the end that he deserved, for he lived to see that prodigious power scattered and broken, and instead of military and victorious troops, to be encompassed with carcasses. But these, you will say, were only barbarous princes, that knew neither civility nor letters; and these salvage cruelties will be imputed, perchance, to their rudeness of manners and want of discipline. But what will you say then of Alexander the Great, that was trained up under the institution of Aristotle himself, and killed Clytus, his favourite and school-fellow, with his own hand, under his own roof, and over the freedom of a cup of wine? And what was his crime? he was loth to degenerate from a Macedonian liberty in a Persian slavery, that is to say, he could not flatter. Lysimachus, another of his friends, he exposed to a lion; and

this very Lysimachus, after he had escaped this danger, was never the more merciful, when he came to reign himself; for he cut off the ears and nose of his friend Telesphorus, and when he had disfigured him, that he had no longer the face of a man, he threw him into a dungeon, and there kept him to be shewed for a monster, as a strange sight. The place was so low, that he was fain to creep upon all four, and his sides were galled too with the straitness of it. In this misery he lay half famished in his own filth, so odious, so terrible, and so loathsome a spectacle, that the horror of his condition had even extinguished all pity for him. Nothing was ever so unlike a man, as the poor wretch that suffered this, saving the tyrant that acted it.

Nor did this merciless hardness only exercise itself among foreigners, but the fierceness of their outrages and punishments, as well as their vices, brake in upon the Romans. C. Marius, that had his statue set up every where, and was adored as a god: L. Sylla commanded his bones to be broken, his eyes to be put out, his hands to be cut off, and, as if every wound had been a several death, his body to be torn in pieces, and Cataline was the executioner. A cruelty, that was only fit for Marius to suffer, Sylla to command, and Cataline to act; but most dishonourable and fatal to the commonwealth, to fall indiffer-

ently upon the sword's points both of citizens and of enemies.

It was a severe instance, that of Piso too:—A soldier that had leave to go abroad with his comrade, came back to the camp at his time, but without his companion; Piso condemns him to die, as if he had killed him, and appoints a centurion to see the execution. Just as the headsman was ready to do his office, the other soldier appeared, to the great joy of the whole field, and the centurion bid the executioner hold his hand: hereupon Piso, in a rage, mounts the tribunal, and sentences all three to death: the one because he was condemned, the other because it was for his sake that his fellow-soldier was condemned, and the centurion for not obeying the order of his superior. An ingenious piece of inhumanity, to contrive how to make three criminals, where effectually there were none. There was a Persian king, that caused the noses of a whole nation to be cut off, and they were to thank him that he spared their heads. And this, perhaps, would have been the fate of the Macrobii (if Providence had not hindered it), for the freedom they used to Cambyses's ambassadors, in not accepting the slavish terms that were offered them. This put Cambyses into such a rage, that he presently listed into his service every man that was able to bear arms; and without either provisions,

or guides, marched immediately through dry and barren deserts, and where never any man had passed before him, to take his revenge. Before he was a third part of the way his provisions failed him; his men, at first, made shift with the buds of trees, boiled leather, and the like, but soon after there was not so much as a root, or a plant, to be gotten, nor a living creature to be seen; and then, by lot, every tenth man was to die, for a nourishment to the rest, which was still worse than the famine; but yet this passionate king went on so far, until one part of his army was lost, and the other devoured, and until he feared that he himself might come to be served with the same sauce. So that at last he ordered a retreat, wanting no delicates all this while for himself, while his soldiers were taking their chance who should die miserable, or live worse. Here was an anger taken up against a whole nation, that neither deserved any ill from him, nor was so much as known to him.

THE ORDINARY GROUNDS AND OCCASIONS OF ANGER.

In this wandering state of life we meet with many occasions of trouble and displeasure, both great and trivial, and not a day passes, but from men, or things, we have some cause or other for offence; as a man must expect to be justled, dash-

Most of our quarrels of our own contriving.

ed, and crowded, in a populous city. One man deceives our expectation, another delays it; and if every thing does not succeed to our wish, we presently fall out, either with the person, the business, the place, our fortune, or ourselves. Some men value themselves upon their wit, and will never forgive any one that pretends to lessen it; others are inflamed by wine; and some are distempered by sickness, weariness, watchings, love, care, &c. Some are prone to it by heat of constitution; but moist, dry, and cold complexions, are more liable to other affections, as suspicion, despair, fear, jealousy, &c. But most of our quarrels are of our own contriving. One while we suspect upon mistake, and another while we make a greater matter of trifles. To say the truth, most of those things that exasperate us, are rather subjects of disgust than of mischief. There is a large difference betwixt opposing a man's satisfaction, and not assisting it; betwixt taking away, and not giving; but we reckon upon denying and deferring as the same thing, and interpret another's being for himself, as if he were against us. Nay, we do many times entertain an ill opinion of well-doing, and a good one of the contrary: and we hate a man for doing that very thing which we should hate him for on the other side, if he did not do it. We take it ill to be opposed, when there is a fa-

ther, perhaps a brother, or a friend, in the case against us, when we should rather love a man for it, and only wish that he could be honestly of our party. We approve of the fact, and detest the doer of it. It is a base thing to hate the person whom we cannot but commend; but it is a great deal worse yet, if we hate him for the very thing that deserves commendation. The things that we desire, if they be such as cannot be given to one, without being taken away from another, must needs set those people together by the ears, that desire the same thing. One man has a design upon my mistress, another upon mine inheritance, and that which should make friends, makes enemies; our being all of a mind. The general cause of anger is, the sense, or opinion of an injury; that is, the opinion either of an injury simply done, or of an injury done which we have not deserved. Some are naturally given to anger, others are provoked to it by occasion; the anger of women and children is commonly sharp, but not lasting; old men are rather querulous and peevish. Hard labour, diseases, anxiety of thought, and whatsoever hurts the body, or the mind, disposes a man to be froward, but we must not add fire to fire.

He that duly considers the subject matter of all controversies and quarrels, will find them low and mean, not worth the thought of a generous

mind; but the greatest noise of all is about money. This is it that sets fathers and children together by the ears, husbands and wives, and makes way for sword and poison: this is it that tires our courts of justice, enrages our princes, and lays cities in the dust, to seek for gold and silver in the ruins of them. This is it that finds work for the judge, to determine which side is least in the wrong; and whose is the most plausible avarice, the plaintiff, or the defendant's: and what is it that we contend for all this while, but those baubles that make us cry, when we should laugh? To see a rich old cuff, that has nobody to leave his estate to, break his heart for a handful of dirt, and a gouty usurer, that has no other use of his fingers left him but to count withal, to see him, I say, in the extremity of his fit, wrangling for the odd money in his interest: —if all that is precious in nature were gathered into one mass, it were not worth the trouble of a sober mind. It were endless to run over all those ridiculous passions that are moved about meats and drinks, and the matter of our luxury; nay, about words, looks, actions, jealousies, mistakes, which are all of them as contemptible fooleries as those very baubles that children scratch and cry for. There is nothing great, or serious, in all that which we keep up such a clutter about; the madness of it is, that we set too great

a value upon trifles. One man flies out upon a salute, a letter, a speech, a question, a gesture, a wink, a look. An action moves one man, a word affects another; one man is tender of his family, another of his person; one sets up for an orator, another for a philosopher; this man will not bear pride, nor that man opposition. He that plays the tyrant at home, is as gentle as a lamb abroad. Some take offence if one man ask a favour of them, and others if he does not. Every man has his weak side, let us learn which that is, and take care of it; for the same thing does not work upon all men alike. We are moved like beasts, at the idle appearance of things; and the fiercer the creature, the more is it startled. The sight of a red cloth enrages a bull. A shadow provokes the asp, nay, so unreasonable are some men, that they take moderate benefits for injuries, and squabble about it, with their nearest relations:—they have done this and that for others, they cry, and they might have dealt better with us if they had pleased. Very good! And if it be less than we looked for, it may be yet more than we deserve. Of all unquiet humours, this is the worst, that will never suffer any man to be happy, so long as he sees a happier man than himself. I have known some men so weak, as to think themselves contemned, if a horse did but play the jade with them, that is yet obe-

dient to another rider. A brutal folly, to be offended at a mute animal; for no injury can be done us without the concurrence of reason. A beast may hurt us, as a sword, or a stone, and no otherwise. Nay, there are, that will complain of foul weather, a raging sea, a biting winter, as if it were expressly directed to them; and this they charge upon Providence, whose operations are all of them so far from being injurious, that they are beneficial to us.

How vain and idle are many of those things that make us stark mad? A resty horse, the overturning of a glass, the falling of a key, the dragging of a chair, a jealousy, a misconstruction. How shall that man endure the extremities of hunger and thirst, that flies out in a rage for putting of a little too much water into his wine? what haste is there to lay a servant by the heels, or break a leg, or an arm, immediately for it, as if he were not to have the same power over him an hour after, that he has at that instant? The answer of a servant, a wife, a tenant, puts some people out of all patience; and yet they can quarrel with the government for not allowing them the same liberty in public, which they themselves deny to their own families. If they say nothing, it is contumacy; if they speak, or laugh, it is insolence. As if a man had his ears given him only for music; whereas we must suffer

all sorts of noises, good and bad, both of man and beast. How idle is it to start at the tinkling of a bell, or the creaking of a door, when, for all this delicacy, we must endure thunder? Neither are our eyes less curious and fantastical than our ears. When we are abroad we can bear well enough with foul ways, nasty streets, noisome ditches; but a spot upon a dish at home, or an unswept hearth, absolutely distracts us. And what is the reason, but that we are patient in the one place, and fantastically peevish in the other? Nothing makes us more intemperate than luxury, that shrinks at every stroke, aad starts at every shadow. It is death to some to have another sit above them, as if a body were ever the more or the less honest for the cushion. But they are only weak creatures, that think themselves wounded if they be but touched. One of the Sibarites, that saw a fellow hard at work, a digging, desired him to give over, for it made him weary to see him: and it was an ordinary complaint with him—that he could take no rest, because the rose leaves lay double under him. When we are once weakened with our pleasures, every thing grows intolerable. And we are angry, as well with those that cannot hurt us, as with those that do. We tear a book because it is blotted, and our cloaths because they are not well made: things that neither deserve our anger,

nor feel it. The taylor, perchance, did his best, or, however, had no intent to displease us: if so, first, why should we be angry at all? secondly, why should we be angry with the thing for the man's sake? Nay, our anger extends even to dogs, horses, and other beasts.

It was a blasphemous, and a sottish extravagance, that of Caius Cæsar, who challenged Jupiter for making such a noise with his thunder that he could not hear his mimics, and so invented a machine in imitation of it, to oppose thunder to thunder; a brutal conceit, to imagine either that he could reach the Almighty, or that the Almighty could not reach him.

And every jot as ridiculous, though not so impious, was that of Cyrus, who, in his design upon Babylon, found a river in his way that put a stop to his march: the current was strong, and carried away one of the horses that belonged to his own chariot; upon this he swore, that since it had obstructed his passage, it should never hinder any body else; and presently set his whole army to work upon it, which diverted it into a hundred and fourscore channels, and laid it dry. In this ignoble and unprofitable employment, he lost his time, and the soldiers their courage, and gave his adversaries an opportunity of providing themselves, while he was waging war with a river instead of an enemy.

ADVICE IN THE CASES OF CONTUMELY AND REVENGE.

Of provocations to anger there are two sorts; there is an injury, and there is a contumely. The former in its own nature is the heavier; the other slight in itself, and only troublesome to a wounded imagination. And yet, some there are that will bear blows, and death itself, rather than contumelious words. A contumely is an indignity below the consideration of the very law, and not worthy either of a revenge, or so much as a complaint. It is only the vexation and infirmity of a weak mind, as well as the practice of a haughty and insolent nature, and signifies no more, to a wise and sober man, than an idle dream, that is no sooner past than forgotten. It is true, it implies contempt; but what needs any man care for being contemptible to others, if he be not so to himself? For a child in the arms to strike the mother, tear her hair, claw the face of her, and call her names, that goes for nothing with us, because the child knows not what he does. Neither are we moved at the impudence and bitterness of a buffoon, though he fall upon his own master, as well as the guests; but, on the contrary, we encourage and entertain the freedom. Are we not mad then, to be delighted

and displeased with the same thing, and to take that as an injury from one man, which passes only for a rallery from another? He that is wise will behave himself toward all men as we do to our children: for they are but children too though they have grey hairs; they are indeed of a larger size, and their errors are grown up with them; they live without rule, they covet without choice, they are timorous and unsteady, and if at any time they happen to be quiet, it is more out of fear than reason. It is a wretched condition, to stand in awe of every body's tongue; and whosoever is vexed at reproach, would be proud if he were commended. We should look upon contumelies, slanders, and ill words, only as the clamour of enemies, or arrows shot at a distance, that make a clattering upon our arms, but do no execution. A man makes himself less than his adversary, by fancying that he is contemned. Things are only ill, that are ill taken; and it is not for a man of worth to think himself better or worse for the opinion of others. He that thinks himself injured, let him say—Either I have deserved this, or I have not. If I have, it is a judgment: if I have not, it is an injustice; and the doer of it has more reason to be ashamed than the sufferers. Nature has assigned every man his post, which he is bound in honour to maintain, let him be ever so much pressed. Dio-

genes was disputing of anger, and an insolent young fellow, to try if he could put him beside his philosophy, spit in his face. "Young man," says Diogenes, "this does not make me angry yet, but I am in some doubt whether I should be so or no." Some are so impatient, that they cannot bear a contumely, even from a woman; whose very beauty, greatness, and ornaments, are all of them little enough to vindicate her from many indecencies, without much modesty and discretion; nay, they will lay it to heart even from the meanest of servants. How wretched is that man, whose peace lies at the mercy of the people? A physician is not angry at the intemperance of a mad patient, nor does he take it ill to be railed at by a man in a fever; just so should a wise man treat all mankind, as a physician does his patient, and looking upon them only as sick and extravagant; let their words and actions, whether good or bad, go equally for nothing; attending still his duty, even in the coarsest offices that may conduce to their recovery. Men that are proud, froward, and powerful, he values their scorn as little as their quality, and looks upon them no otherwise than as a people in the excess of a fever. If a beggar worships him, or if he takes no notice of him, it is all one to him; and with a rich man he makes it the same case. Their honours, and their injuries, he accounts

much alike; without rejoicing at the one, or grieving at the other.

In these cases the rule is to pardon all offences, where there is any sign of repentance, or hope of amendment. It does not hold in injuries as in benefits, the requiting of the one with the other: for it is a shame to overcome in the one, and in the other to be overcome. It is the part of a great mind to despise injuries: and it is one kind of revenge to neglect a man, as not worth it; for it makes the first aggressor too considerable. Our philosophy, methinks, might carry us to the bravery of a generous mastiff, that can hear the barking of a thousand curs, without taking any notice of them. He that receives an injury from his superior, it is not enough for him to bear it with patience, and without any thought of revenge, but he must receive it with a chearful countenance, and look as if he did not understand it too; for if he appear too sensible, he shall be sure to have more of it. It is a damned humour in great men, that whom they wrong they will hate. It is well answered of an old courtier, that was asked how he kept so long in favour—"Why," says he, "by receiving injuries, and crying your humble servant for them." Some men take it for an argument of greatness, to have revenge in their power; but so far is he that is under the dominion of anger, from being

great, that he is not so much as free. Not but that anger is a kind of pleasure to some in the act of revenge; but the very word is inhuman, though it may pass for honest. Virtue, in short, is impenetrable, and revenge is only the confession of an infirmity.

It is a fantastical humour, that the same jest in private should make us merry, and yet enrage us in public; nay, we will not allow the liberty that we take. Some railleries we account pleasant, others bitter: a conceit upon a squint eye, a hunch-back, or any personal defect, passes for a reproach. And why may we not as well hear it as see it? Nay, if a man imitates our gate, speech, or any natural imperfection, it puts us out of all patience, as if the counterfeit were more grievous than the doing of the thing itself. Some cannot endure to hear of their age, nor others of their poverty; and they make the thing the more taken notice of, the more they desire to hide it. Some bitter jest (for the purpose) was broken upon you at the table; keep better company then. In the freedom of cups, a sober man will hardly contain himself within bounds. It sticks with us extremely, sometimes, that the porter will not let us in to his great master. Will any but a madman quarrel with a cur for barking, when he may pacify him with a crust? what have we to do but to keep further off, and laugh at

him? Fidus Cornelius, a tall slim fellow, fell downright a crying in the senate-house, at Corbulo's saying that he looked like an estriche. He was a man that made nothing of a lash upon his life and manners; but it was worse than death to him, a reflection upon his person. No man was ever ridiculous to others, that laughed at himself first; it prevents mischief, and it is a spiteful disappointment of those that take pleasure in such abuses. Vatinius, a man that was made up of scorn and hatred, scurrilous and impudent to the highest degree, but most abusively witty, and with all this he was diseased and deformed to extremity; his way was always to begin to make sport with himself, and so he prevented the mockery of other people. There are none more abusive to others, than they that lie most open to it themselves; but the humour goes round, and he that laughs at me to-day will have somebody to laugh at him to-morrow, and revenge my quarrel. But, however, there are some liberties that will never go down with some men.

Asiaticus Valerius, one of Caligula's particular friends, and a man of stomach, that would not easily digest an affront, Caligula told him in public what kind of bedfellow his wife was. Good God! that ever any man should hear this, or a prince speak it, especially to a man of consular authority, a friend, and a husband; and in such

a manner too, as at once to his own disgust, and his adultery. The tribune Chæreas had a weak broken voice, like an hermaphrodite; when he came to Caligula for the word, he would give him sometimes Venus, otherwhiles Priapus; as a slur upon him both ways. Valerius was afterwards the principal instrument in the conspiracy against him; and Chæreas, to convince him of his manhood, at one blow cleft him down the chine with his sword. No man was so forward as Caligula to break a jest, and no man so unwilling to bear it.

CAUTIONS AGAINST ANGER IN THE MATTER OF EDUCATION, CONVERSE, AND OTHER GENERAL MEANS OF PREVENTING IT, BOTH IN OURSELVES AND OTHERS.

ALL that we have to say in particular upon this subject, lies under these two heads:—first, that we do not fall into anger; and, secondly, that we do not transgress in it. As in the case of our bodies, we have some medicines to preserve us when we are well, and others to recover us when we are sick; so it is one thing not to admit it, and another thing to overcome it. We are, in the first place, to avoid all provocations, and the beginnings of anger: for if we be once down, it is a hard task to get up again; when our passion has got the better of our reason, and

the enemy is received into the gate, we cannot expect that the conqueror should take conditions from the prisoner. And in truth, our reason, when it is thus mastered, turns effectually into passion. A careful education is a great matter, for our minds are easily formed in our youth, but it is a harder business to cure ill habits: beside that, we are inflamed by climate, constitution, company, and a thousand other accidents, that we are not aware of.

The choice of a good nurse, and a well-natured tutor, goes a great way; for the sweetness both of the blood and of the manners will pass into the child. There is nothing breeds anger more than a soft and effeminate education; and it is very seldom seen, that either the mother's, or the schoolmaster's darling, ever comes to good. But my young master, when he comes into the world, behaves himself like a choleric coxcomb; for flattery, and a great fortune, nourish touchiness. But it is a nice point, so to check the seeds of anger in a child, as not to take off his edge, and quench his spirits, whereof a principal care must be taken, betwixt licence and severity, that he be neither too much emboldened nor depressed. Commendation gives him courage and confidence, but then the danger is, of blowing him up into insolence and wrath: so that when to use the bit, and when the spur, is the main difficulty.

We should avoid provocations.

Never put him to a necessity of begging any thing basely, or if he does, let him go without it. Enure him to a familiarity, where he has any emulation; and, in all his exercises, let him understand that it is generous to overcome his competitor, but not to hurt him. Allow him to be pleased when he does well, but not transported, for that will puff him up into too high a conceit of himself. Give him nothing that he cries for, until the dogged fit is over, but then let him have it when he is quiet; to shew him that there is nothing to be gotten by being peevish. Chide him for whatever he does amiss, and make him betimes acquainted with the fortune that he was born to. Let his diet be cleanly, but sparing; and clothe him like the rest of his fellows: for by placing him upon that equality at first, he will be the less proud afterward, and consequently the less waspish and quarrelsome.

In the next place, let us have a care of temptations that we cannot resist, and provocations that we cannot bear, and especially of sour and exceptious company: for a cross humour is contagious; nor is it all, that a man shall be the better for the example of a quiet conversation; but an angry disposition is troublesome, because it has nothing else to work upon. We should, therefore, chuse a sincere, easy, and temperate companion, that will neither provoke anger nor return it, nor give a man any occasion of exer-

Of Cælius, a passionate orator.

cising his distempers. Nor is it enough to be gentle, submiss, and human, without integrity and plain dealing: for flattery is as offensive on the other side. Some men would take a curse from you better than a compliment. Cælius, a passionate orator, had a friend of singular patience that supped with him, who had no way to avoid a quarrel, but by saying amen to all that Cælius said. Cælius taking this ill—"Say something against me," says he, "that you and I may be two;" and he was angry with him because he would not; and the dispute fell, as it needs must, for want of an opponent.

He that is naturally addicted to anger, let him use a moderate diet, and abstain from wine; for it is but adding fire to fire. Gentle exercises, recreations and sports, temper and sweeten the mind. Let him have a care also of long and obstinate disputes, for it is easier not to begin them, than to put an end to them. Severe studies are not good for him neither, as law, mathematics; too much intention preys upon the spirits, and makes him eager. But poetry, history, and those lighter entertainments, may serve him for diversion and relief. He that would be quiet, must not venture at things out of his reach, or beyond his strength; for he shall either stagger under the burden, or discharge it upon the next man he meets; which is the same case in civil and do-

mestic affairs. Business that is ready and practicable goes off with ease, but when it is too heavy for the bearer, they fall both together. Whatsoever we design, we should first take a measure of ourselves, and compare our force with the undertaking, for it vexes a man not to go through with his work: a repulse inflames a generous nature, as it makes one that is phlegmatic sad. I have known some that have advised looking in a glass when a man is in the fit, and the very spectacle of his own deformity has cured him. Many that are troublesome in their drink, and know their own infirmity, give their servants order before hand, to take them away by force, for fear of mischief, and not to obey their masters themselves when they are hot-headed. If the thing were duly considered, we should need no other cure than the bare consideration of it. We are not angry at madmen, children, and fools, because they do not know what they do; and why should not imprudence have an equal privilege in other cases? If a horse kick, or a dog bite, shall a man kick or bite again? The one, it is true, is wholly void of reason, but it is also an equivalent darkness of mind that possesses the other. So long as we are among men, let us cherish humanity; and so live, that no man may be either in fear, or in danger of us. Losses, injuries, reproaches, ca-

lumnies, they are but short inconveniencies, and we should bear them with resolution. Beside that, some people are above our anger, others below it. To contend with our superiors were a folly, and with our inferiors an indignity.

There is hardly a more effectual remedy against anger than patience and consideration. Let but the first fervour abate, and that mist which darkens the mind will be either lessened or dispelled; a day, nay, an hour, does much in the most violent cases, and, perchance, totally suppresses it; time discovers the truth of things, and turns that into judgment, which at first was anger. Plato was about to strike his servant, and while his hand was in the air he checked himself, but still held it in that menacing posture. A friend of his took notice of it, and asked him what he meant. "I am now," says Plato, "punishing of an angry man:" so that he had left his servant to chastise himself. Another time, his servant having committed a great fault—"Speusippus," says he, "do you beat that fellow, for I am angry:" so that he forbore striking him for the very reason that would have made another man have done it. "I am angry," says he, and shall go farther than becomes me." Nor is it fit that a servant should be in his power, that is not his own master. Why should any one venture now to trust an angry man with a revenge,

when Plato durst not trust himself? Either he must govern that, or that will undo him. Let us do our best to overcome it; but let us, however, keep it close, without giving it any vent. An angry man, if he gives himself liberty at all times, will go too far. If it comes once to shew itself in the eye, or countenance, it has got the better of us. Nay, we should so oppose it, as to put on the very contrary dispositions: calm looks, soft and slow speech, an easy and deliberate march, and by little and little we may possibly bring our thoughts into a sober conformity with our actions. When Socrates was angry, he would take himself in it, and speak low, in opposition to the motions of his displeasure. His friends would take notice of it; and it was not to his disadvantage neither, but rather to his credit, that so many should know that he was angry, and nobody feel it; which could never have been, if he had not given his friends the same liberty of admonition which he himself took. And this course should we take; we should desire our friends not to flatter us in our follies, but to treat us with all liberties of reprehension, even when we are least willing to bear it, against so powerful and so insinuating an evil; we should call for help, while we have our eyes in our head, and are yet masters of ourselves. Moderation is profitable for subjects, but more for princes; who

have the means of executing all that their anger prompts them to. When that power comes once to be exercised to a common mischief, it can never long continue, a common fear joining in one cause all their divided complaints. In a word now, how we may prevent, moderate, or master, this impotent passion in others.

It is not enough to be sound ourselves, unless we endeavour to make others so, wherein we must accommodate the remedy to the temper of the patient. Some are to be dealt with by artifice and address; as for example—Why will you gratify your enemies to shew yourself so much concerned? It is not worth your anger; it is below you; I am as much troubled at it myself, as you can be, but you had better say nothing, and take your time to be even with them. Anger, in some people, is to be openly opposed, in others there must be a little yielding, according to the disposition of the person. Some are won by intreaties, others are gained by mere shame and conviction, and some by delay; a dull way of cure for a violent distemper, but this must be the last experiment. Other affections may be better dealt with at leisure, for they proceed gradually, but this commences and perfects itself in the same moment. It does not, like other passions, solicit and mislead us, but it runs away with us by force, and hurries us on with an irresistible teme-

rity, as well to our own, as to another's ruin: not only flying in the face of him that provokes us, but, like a torrent, bearing all down before it. There is no encountering the first heat and fury of it, for it is deaf and mad. The best way is (in the beginning) to give it time and rest, and let it spend itself: while the passion is too hot to handle, we may deceive it, but, however, let all instruments of revenge be put out of the way. It is not amiss, sometimes, to pretend to be angry too, and join with him, not only in the opinion of the injury, but in the seeming contrivance of a reveuge. But this must be a person then that has some authority over him. This is a way to get time, and by advising upon some greater punishment, to delay the present: if the passion be outrageous, try what shame or fear can do; if weak, it is no hard matter to amuse it by strange stories, grateful news, or pleasant discourses. Deceit, in this case, is friendship; for men must be cozened to be cured.

The injuries that press hardest upon us, are those which either we have not deserved, or not expected, or at least not in so high a degree. This arises from the love of ourselves; for every man takes upon him like a prince in this case, to practise all liberties, and to allow none. Which proceeds either from ignorance or insolence. What news is it for people to do ill things? for

an enemy to hurt; nay, for a friend, or a servant, to transgress, and to prove treacherous, ungrateful, covetous, impious? What we find in one man, we may in another, and there is no more security in fortune than in men. Our joys are mingled with fear, and a tempest may arise out of a calm, but a skilful pilot is always provided for it.

AGAINST RASH JUDGMENT.

It is good for every man to fortify himself on his weak side, and, if he loves his peace, he must not be inquisitive, and hearken to tale-bearers; for the man that is over curious to hear and see every thing, multiplies troubles to himself; for a man does not feel what he does not know. He that is listening after private discourse, and what people say of him, shall never be at peace. How many things, that are innocent in themselves, are made injurious, yet by misconstruction? Wherefore some things we are to pause upon, others to laugh at, and others again to pardon. Or, if we cannot avoid the sense of indignities, let us, however, shun the open profession of it; which may easily be done, as appears by many examples of those that have suppressed their anger, under the awe of a greater fear. It is a good caution, not to believe any thing until we are very certain of it; for many

probable things prove false, and a short time will make evidence of the undoubted truth. We are prone to believe many things which we are unwilling to hear, and so we conclude, and take up a prejudice before we can judge. Never condemn a friend unheard, or without letting him know his accuser, or his crime. It is a common thing to say—Do not you tell that you had it from me, for if you do I will deny it, and never tell you any thing again. By which means friends are set together by the ears, and the informer slips his neck out of the collar. Admit no stories upon these terms; for it is an unjust thing to believe in private, and to be angry openly. He that delivers himself up to guess and conjecture, runs a great hazard; for there can be no suspicion without some probable grounds; so that without much candour and simplicity, and making the best of every thing, there is no living in society with mankind. Some things that offend us we have by report, others we see, or hear. In the first place, let us not be too credulous: some people frame stories that they may deceive us; others only tell what they hear, and are deceived themselves. Some make it their sport to do ill offices, others do them only to pick a thank: there are some that would part the dearest friends in the world; others love to do mischief, and stand aloof to see what comes of it. If it be a

small matter, I would have witnesses; but if it be a greater, I would have it upon oath, and allow time to the accused, and council too, and hear it over and over again.

In those cases, where we ourselves are witnesses, we should take into consideration all the circumstances. If a child, it was ignorance—if a woman, a mistake—if done by command, a necessity—if a man be injured, it is but *quod pro quo*—if a judge, he knows what he does—if a prince, I must submit, either, if guilty to justice, or if innocent to fortune—if a brute, I make myself one by imitating it—if a calamity, or disease, my best relief is patience—if Providence, it is both impious and vain to be angry at it—if a good man, I will make the best of it—if a bad, I will never wonder at it. Nor is it only by tales and stories that we are inflamed, but suspicious countenances, nay, a look, or a smile, is enough to blow us up. In these cases, let us suspend our displeasure, and plead the cause of the absent. Perhaps he is innocent, or, if not, I have time to consider of it, and may take my revenge at leisure; but when it is once executed, it is not to be recalled. A jealous head is apt to take that to himself which was never meant him. Let us, therefore, trust to nothing but what we see, and chide ourselves where we are over credulous. By this course we

shall not be so easily imposed upon, nor put to trouble ourselves about things not worth the while; as the loitering of a servant upon an errand, the tumbling of a bed, or the spilling of a glass of drink. It is a madness to be disordered at these fooleries, we consider the thing done, and not the doer of it. It may be he did it unwillingly, or by chance.—It was a trick put upon him, or he was forced to it.—He did it for reward, perhaps, not hatred, nor of his own accord, but he was egged on to it. Nay, some regard must be had to the age of the person, or to fortune; and we must consult humanity and candour in the case. One does me a great mischief at unawares, another does me a very small one by design, or peradventure none at all, but intended me one. The latter was more in fault, but I will be angry with neither. We must distinguish betwixt what a man cannot do, and what he will not. It is true he has once offended me, but how often has he pleased me? he has offended me often, and in other kinds, and why should not I bear it as well now as I have done? Is he my friend? why then it was against his will. Is he my enemy? it is no more than I looked for. Let us give way to wise men, and not squabble with fools: and say thus to ourselves—We have all of us our errors; no man is so circumspect, so considerate, or so fearful of offending, but he

has much to answer for. A generous prisoner cannot immediately comply with all the sordid and laborious offices of a slave. A footman that is not breathed, cannot keep pace with his master's horse. He that is over watched may be allowed to be drowsy. All these things are to be weighed, before we give any ear to the first impulse. If it be my duty to love my country, I must be kind also to all my countrymen: if a veneration be due to the whole, so is a piety also to the parts, and it is the common interest to preserve them. We are all members of one body, and it is as natural to help one another, as for the hands to help the feet, or the eyes the hands. Without the love and care of the parts, the whole can never be preserved; and we must spare one another, because we are born for society, which cannot be maintained without a regard to particulars. Let this be a rule to us, never to deny a pardon that does no hurt either to the giver or receiver. That may be well enough in one, which is ill in another; and therefore we are not to condemn any thing that is common to a nation, for custom defends it. But much more pardonable are those things which are common to mankind.

It is a kind of spiteful comfort, that whoever does me an injury, may receive one; and that there is a power over him that is above me. A

man should stand as firm against all indignities as a rock does against the waves. As it is some satisfaction to a man in a mean condition, that there is no security in a more prosperous; and as the loss of a son in a corner is borne with more patience, upon the sight of a funeral carried out of a palace, so are injuries and contempts the more tolerable from a meaner person, when we consider that the greatest men and fortunes are not exempt. The wisest also of mortals have their failings, and no man living is without the same excuse. The difference is, that we do not all of us transgress the same way: but we are obliged in humanity to bear with one another. We should, every one of us, bethink ourselves how remiss we have been in our duties, how immodest in our discourses, how intemperate in our cups, and why not as well how extravagant we have been in our passions. Let us clear ourselves of this evil, purge our minds, and utterly root out all those vices, which, upon leaving the least sting, will grow again, and recover. We must think of every thing, expect every thing, that we may not be surprised. "It is a shame," said Fabius, "for a commander to excuse himself by saying—I was not aware of it."

TAKE NOTHING ILL FROM ANOTHER MAN, UNTIL YOU HAVE MADE IT YOUR OWN CASE.

It is not prudent to deny a pardon to any man without first examining, if we do not stand in need of it ourselves; for it may be our lot to ask it, even at his feet to whom we refuse it. But we are willing enough to do, what we are very unwilling to suffer. It is unreasonable to charge public vices upon particular persons; for we are all of us wicked, and that which we blame in others we find in ourselves. It is not a paleness in one, or a leanness in another, but a pestilence that has laid hold upon all. It is a wicked world, and we make part of it; and the way to be quiet, is to bear one with another. Such a man, we cry, has done me a shrewd turn, and I never did him any hurt. Well, but it may be, I have mischieved other people, or at least I may live to do as much to him as that comes to me. Such a one has spoken ill things of me; but if I first speak ill of him, as I do of many others, this is not an injury, but a repayment. What if he did overshoot himself? he was loth to lose his conceit, perhaps, but there was no malice in it; and if he had not done me a mischief, he must

have done himself one. How many good offices are there that look like injuries? nay, how many have been reconciled, and good friends, after a professed hatred?

Before we lay any thing to heart, let us ask ourselves if we have not done the same thing to others. But where shall we find an equal judge? He that loves another man's wife (only, perhaps, because she is another's) will not suffer his own to be so much as looked upon. No man so fierce against calumny as the evil speaker; none so strict exacters of modesty in a servant, as those that are most prodigal of their own. We carry our neigbour's crimes in sight, and we throw our own over our shoulders. The intemperance of a bad son is chastised by a worse father; and the luxury that we punish in others we allow to ourselves. The tyrant exclaims against homicide, and sacrilege against theft. We are angry with the persons, but not with the faults.

Some things there are that cannot hurt us, and others will not; as good magistrates, parents, tutors, judges, whose reproof, or correction, we are to take, as we do abstinence, bleeding, and other uneasy things, which we are the better for. In which cases, we are not so much to reckon upon what we suffer, as upon what we have done. I take it ill, says one; and I have done nothing, says another: when at the same time we make it

worse, by adding arrogance and contumacy to our first error. We cry out presently—What law have we transgressed? As if the letter of the law were the sum of our duty, and that piety, humanity, liberality, justice, and faith, were things beside our business. No, no, the rule of human duty is of a greater latitude, and we have many obligations upon us, that are not to be found in the statute books. And yet we fall short of the exactness, even of that legal innocency. We have intended one thing, and done another, wherein only the want of success has kept us from being criminals. This very thing, methinks, should make us more favourable to delinquents, and to forgive not only ourselves, but the gods too, of whom we seem to have harder thoughts in taking that to be a particular evil directed to us, that befals us only by the common law of mortality. In fine, no man living can absolve himself to his conscience, though to the world perhaps he may. It is true, that we are also condemned to pains and diseases, and to death too, which is no more than the quitting of the soul's house. But why should any man complain of bondage, that wheresoever he looks, has his way open to liberty? that precipice, that sea, that river, that well, there is freedom in the bottom of it. It hangs upon every crooked bough,

and not only a man's throat, or his heart, but every vein in his body opens a passage to it.

To conclude, where my proper virtue fails me, I will have recourse to examples, and say to myself—am I greater than Philip, or Augustus, who both of them put up greater reproaches? many have pardoned their enemies, and shall not I forgive a neglect, a little freedom of the tongue? Nay, the patience but of a second thought does the business; for, though the first shock be violent, take it in parts, and it is subdued. And, to wind up all in one word, the great lesson of mankind, as well in this, as in all other cases, is—to do as we would be done by.

OF CRUELTY.

THERE is so near an affinity betwixt anger and cruelty, that many people confound them: as if cruelty were only the execution of anger in the payment of a revenge; which holds in some cases, but not in others. There are a sort of men that take delight in the spilling of human blood, and in the death of those that never did them any injury, nor were ever so much as suspected for it—as Apollodorus, Phalaris, Sinis, Procrustus, and others, that burnt men alive, whom we cannot so properly call angry as brutal. For anger does necessarily presuppose an injury either done, or

conceived, or feared; but the other takes pleasure in tormenting, without so much as pretending any provocation to it, and kills merely for killing sake. The original of this cruelty, perhaps, was anger, which, by frequent exercise and custom, has lost all sense of humanity and mercy; and they that are thus affected, are so far from the countenance and appearance of men in anger, that they will laugh, rejoice, and entertain themselves with the most horrid spectacles, as racks, goals, gibbets, several sorts of chains and punishments, dilaceration of members, stigmatizings and wild beasts, with other exquisite inventions of torture, and yet at last the cruelty itself is more horrid and odious than the means by which it works. It is a bestial madness to love mischief, beside that, it is womanish to rage and tear; a generous beast will scorn to do it, when he has any thing at his mercy. It is a vice for wolves and tigers; and no less abominable to the world than dangerous to itself.

The Romans had their morning and their meridian spectacles. In the former they had their combats of men with wild beasts, in the latter the men fought one with another. "I went," says our author, "the other day to the meridian spectacles, in hope of meeting somewhat of mirth and diversion, to sweeten the humours of those that had been entertained with blood in the morn-

ing, but it proved otherwise; for, compared with this inhumanity, the former was a mercy. The whole business was only murder upon murder: the combatants fought naked, and every blow was a wound. They did not contend for victory, but for death; and he that kills one man is to be killed by another. By wounds they are forced upon wounds, which they take and give upon their bare breast. Burn that rogue, they cry; what, is he afraid of his flesh? do but see how sneakingly that rascal dies." Look to yourselves, my masters, and consider of it: who knows but this may come to be your own case? Wicked examples seldom fail of coming home at last to the authors. To destroy a single man may be dangerous, but to murder whole nations is only a more glorious wickedness. Private avarice and rigour are condemned, but oppression, when it comes to be authorized by an act of state, and to be publicly commanded, though particularly forbidden, becomes a point of dignity and honour. What a shame is it for men to enterworry one another, when yet the fiercest even of beasts are at peace with those of their own kind? This brutal fury puts philosophy itself to a stand. The drunkard, the glutton, the covetous, may be reduced. Nay, and the mischief of it is, that no vice keeps itself within its proper bounds. Luxury runs into avarice, and when the reverence of

virtue is extinguished, men will stick at nothing that carries profit along with it. Man's blood is shed in wantonness; his death is a spectacle for entertainment, and his groans are music. When Alexander delivered up Lysimachus to a lion, how glad would he have been to have had nails and teeth to have devoured him himself; it would have too much derogated, he thought, from the dignity of wrath, to have appointed a man for the execution of his friend. Private cruelties, it is true, cannot do much mischief, but in princes they are a war against mankind.

C. Cæsar would commonly, for exercise and pleasure, put senators and Roman knights to the torture, and whip several of them like slaves, or put them to death with the most accurate torments, merely for the satisfaction of his cruelty: that Cæsar, that wished the people of Rome had but one neck, that he might cut it off at one blow. It was the employment, the study, and the joy of his life. He would not so much as give the expiring leave to groan, but caused their mouths to be stopped with sponges, or, for want of them, with rags of their own clothes, that they might not breathe out so much as their last agonies at liberty, or, perhaps, lest the tormented should speak something which the tormentor had no mind to hear. Nay, he was so impatient of delay, that he would frequently rise from supper to have

men killed by torch light; as if his life and death had depended upon their dispatch before the next morning. To say nothing how many fathers were put to death by him in the same night with their sons, (which was a kind of mercy, in the prevention of their mourning). And was not Sylla's cruelty prodigious too, which was only stopt for want of enemies? He caused 7,000 citizens of Rome to be slaughtered at once; and some of the senators being startled at their cries, that were heard in the senate-house—"Let us mind our business," says Sylla, "this is nothing but a few mutineers that I have ordered to be sent out of the way." A glorious spectacle! says Hannibal, when he saw the trenches flowing with human blood; and if the rivers had run blood too, he would have liked it so much the better.

Among the famous and detestable speeches that are committed to memory, I know none worse than that impudent and tyrannical maxim—Let them hate me, so they fear me. Not considering that those that are kept in obedience by fear, are both malicious and mercenary, and only wait for an opportunity to change their master. Beside, that whosoever is terrible to others, is likewise afraid of himself. What is more ordinary, than for a tyrant to be destroyed by his own guards? Which is no more than the putting those crimes into practice which they learned of their masters.

How many slaves have revenged themselves of their cruel oppressors, though they were sure to die for it? but when it comes once to a popular tyranny, whole nations conspire against it. For whosoever threatens all, is in danger of all; over and above, that the cruelty of a prince increases the number of his enemies, by destroying some of them; for it entails an hereditary hatred upon the friends and relations of those that are taken away. And then it has this misfortune, that a man must be wicked upon necessity; for there is no going back; so that he must betake himself to arms, and yet he lives in fear. He can neither trust to the faith of his friends, nor to the piety of his children; he both dreads death and wishes it; and becomes a greater terror to himself, than he is to the people. Nay, if there were nothing else to make cruelty detestable, it were enough that it passes all bounds, both of custom and humanity, and is followed upon the heel with sword or poison. A private malice indeed does not move whole cities; but that which extends to all, is every body's mark. One sick person gives no great disturbance in a family, but when it comes to a depopulating plague, all people fly from it. And why should a prince expect any man to be good, whom he has taught to be wicked?

But what if it were safe to be cruel? were it not still a sad thing, the very state of such a government? a government that bears the image of

a taken city, where there is nothing but sorrow, trouble, and confusion. Men dare not so much as trust themselves with their friends, or with their pleasures. There is not any entertainment so innocent, but it affords pretence of crime and danger. People are betrayed at their tables, and in their cups, and drawn from the very theatre to the prison. How horrid a madness is it to be still raging and killing, to have the rattling of chains, always in our ears, bloody spectacles before our eyes, and to carry terror and dismay wherever we go? If we had lions and serpents to rule over us, this would be the manner of their government, saving that they agree better among themselves. It passes for a mark of greatness to burn cities, and lay whole kingdoms waste; nor is it for the honour of a prince, to appoint this or that single man to be killed, unless they have whole troops, or (sometimes) legions to work upon. But it is not the spoils of war, and bloody trophies, that make a prince glorious, but the divine power of preserving unity and peace. Ruin, without distinction, is more properly the business of a general deluge, or conflagration. Neither does a fierce and inexorable anger become the supreme magistrate; greatness of mind is always meek and humble, but cruelty is a note, and an effect of weakness; and brings down a governor to the level of a competitor.

worship, so should we distinguish betwixt clemency and pity; practising the one, and avoiding the other. For pity proceeds from a narrowness of mind, that respects rather the fortune than the cause. It is a kind of moral sickness, contracted from other people's misfortunes; such another weakness as laughing, or yawning for company; or, as that of sick eyes, that cannot look upon others that are bleared, without dropping themselves. I will give a shipwrecked man a plank, a lodging to a stranger, or a piece of money to him that wants it: I will dry up the tears of my friend, yet I will not weep with him, but treat him with constancy and humanity, as one man ought to treat another.

It is objected by some, that clemency is an insignificant virtue; and that only the bad are the better for it, for the good have no need of it. But in the first place, as physic is in use only among the sick, and yet in honour with the sound, so the innocent have a reverence for clemency, though criminals are properly the objects of it. And then again, a man may be innocent, and yet have occasion for it too: for by the accidents of fortune, or the condition of times, virtue itself may come to be in danger. Consider the most populous city, or nation, what a solitude would it be, if none should be left there but those that could stand the test of a severe justice? We

should have neither judges nor accusers, none either to grant a pardon, or to ask it. More or less, we are all sinners; and he that has best purged his conscience, was brought by errors to repentance. And it is farther profitable to mankind, for many delinquents come to be converted. There is a tenderness to be used, even toward our slaves, and those that we have bought with our money: how much more then to free, and to honest men, that are rather under our protection than dominion? Not that I would have it so general neither, as not to distinguish betwixt the good and the bad; for that would introduce a confusion, and give a kind of encouragement to wickedness. It must, therefore, have a respect to the quality of the offender, and separate the curable from the desperate; for it is an equal cruelty to pardon all, and to pardon none. Where the matter is in balance, let mercy turn the scale: if all wicked men should be punished, who should escape?

Though mercy and gentleness of nature keeps all in peace and tranquillity, even in a cottage: yet it is much more beneficial and conspicuous in a palace. Private men, in their condition, are likewise private in their virtues, and in their vices; but the words and the actions of princes are the subject of public rumour, and therefore they had need have a care what occasion they

Clemency does well with all,

give people for discourse, of whom people will be always a talking. There is the government of a prince over his people, a father over his children, a master over his scholars, an officer over his soldiers. He is an unnatural father, that for every trifle beats his children. Who is the better master, he that rages over his scholars for but missing a word in a lesson; or he that tries by admonition, and fair words, to instruct and reform them? An outrageous officer makes his men run from their colours. A skilful rider brings his horse to obedience by mingling fair means with foul, whereas to be perpetually switching and spurring makes him vicious and jadish: and shall we not have more care of men than of beasts? It breaks the hope of generous inclinations, when they are depressed by servility and terror. There is no creature so hard to be pleased with ill usage, as man.

Clemency does well with all, but best with princes; for it makes their power comfortable and beneficial, which would otherwise be the pest of mankind. It establishes their greatness, when they make the good of the public their particular care, and employ their power for the safety of the people. The prince, in effect, is but the soul of the community, as the community is only the body of the prince: so that being merciful to others, he is tender of himself. Nor is any man

so mean, but his master feels the loss of him, as a part of his empire: and he takes care, not only of the lives of his people, but also of their reputation. Now, giving for granted, that all virtues are in themselves equal, it will not yet be denied, that they may be more beneficial to mankind in one person, than in another. A beggar may be as magnanimous as a king: for what can be greater, or braver, than to baffle ill fortune! This does not hinder, but that a man in authority and plenty, has more matter for his generosity to work upon than a private person: and it is also more taken notice of upon the bench, than upon the level. When a gracious prince shews himself to his people, they do not fly from him as from a tiger, that roused himself out his den: but they worship him as a benevolous influence, they secure him against all conspiracies, and interpose their bodies betwixt him and danger. They guard him while he sleeps, and defend him in the field against his enemies. Nor is it without reason, this unanimous agreement in love and loyalty, and this heroical zeal of abandoning themselves for the safety of their prince; but it is as well the interest of the people. In the breath of a prince there is life and death; and his sentence stands good, right or wrong. If he be angry, no body dare advise him; and if he does amiss, who shall call him to accompt? Now for him that has

so much mischief in his power, and yet applies that power to the common utility, and comfort of his people, diffusing also clemency and goodness into their hearts too, what can be a greater blessing to mankind than such a prince? Any man may kill another against the law, but only a prince can save him so. Let him so deal with his own subjects, as he desires God should deal with him: if heaven should be inexorable to sinners, and destroy all without mercy, what flesh could be safe? But, as the faults of great men are not presently punished with thunder from above, let them have a regard to their inferiors here upon earth. He that has revenge in his power, and does not use it, is the great man. Which is the more beautiful and agreeable state, that of a calm, a temperate, and a clear day; or, that of lightning, thunder, and tempests? and this is the very difference betwixt a moderate and a turbulent government. It is for low and vulgar spirits to brawl, storm, and transport themselves; but it is not for the majesty of the prince to lash out into intemperance of words. Some will think it rather slavery, than empire, to be debarred liberty of speech: and what if it be, when government itself is but a more illustrious servitude? He that uses his power as he should, takes as much delight in making it comfortable to his people as glorious to himself. He is affable and

easy of access, his very countenance makes him the joy of his people's eyes, and the delight of mankind. He is beloved, defended, and reverenced by all his subjects, and men speak as well of him in private, as in public: he is safe without guards, and his sword is rather his ornament than his defence: in his duty he is like that of a good father, that sometimes gently reproves a son, sometimes threatens him; nay, and perhaps corrects him: but no father, in his right wits, will disinherit a son for the first fault, there must be many and great offences, and only desperate consequences, that should bring him to that decretory resolution: he will make many experiments, to try if he can reclaim him first, and nothing but the utmost despair must put him upon extremities. It is not flattery that calls a prince the father of his country: the titles of great and august are matter of compliment and of honour; but, in calling him father, we mind him of that moderation and indulgence which he owes to his children. His subjects are his members, where, if there must be an amputation, let him come slowly to it, and when the part is cut off, let him wish it were on again; let him grieve in the doing of it. He that passes a sentence hastily, looks as if he did it willingly; and then there is an injustice in the excess.

The blessings of a merciful prince.

It is a glorious contemplation for a prince, first to consider the vast multitudes of his people, whose seditious, divided, and impotent passions, would cast all in confusion, and destroy themselves, and public order too, if the band of government did not restrain them; and thence to pass to the examination of his conscience, saying thus to himself—It is by the choice of Providence that I am here made God's deputy upon earth; the arbitrator of life and death, and that upon my breath depends the fortune of my people. My lips are the oracles of their fate, and upon them hangs the destiny both of cities and of men. It is under my favour that people seek for either prosperity, or protection: thousands of swords are drawn, or sheathed, at my pleasure. What towns shall be advanced, or destroyed; who shall be slaves, or who free, depends upon my will; and yet, in this arbitrary power of acting without controul, I was never transported to do any cruel thing, either by anger, or hot blood in myself, or by the contumacy, rashness, or provocations of other men, though sufficient to turn mercy itself into fury. I was never moved by the odious vanity of making myself terrible by my power, (that accursed, though common, humour of ostentation and glory, that haunts imperious natures). My sword has not only been buried in

the scabbard, but in a manner bound to the peace, and tender even of the cheapest blood: and where I find no other motive to compassion, humanity itself is sufficient. I have been always slow to severity, and prone to forgive; and under as strict a guard to observe the laws, as if I were accomptable for the breaking of them. Some I pardoned for their youth, others for their age. I spare one man for his dignity, another for his humility; and when I find no other matter to work upon, I spare myself. So that if God should at this instant call me to an account, the whole world would agree to witness for me, that I have not by any force, either public or private, either by myself, or by any other, defrauded the commonwealth; and the reputation that I have ever sought for, has been that which few princes have obtained, the conscience of my proper innocence. And I have not lost my labour neither, for no one man was ever so dear to another, as I have made myself to the whole body of my people. Under such a prince the subject has nothing to wish for, beyond what he enjoys; their fears are quieted, and their prayers heard; and there is nothing to make their felicity greater, unless to make it perpetual; and there is no liberty denied to the people, but that of destroying one another.

It is the interest of the people, by the consent of all nations, to run all hazards for the safety of

their prince, and by a thousand deaths to redeem that one life, upon which so many millions depend. Does not the whole body serve the mind, though only the one is exposed to the eye, and the other not; but, thin and invisible, the very seat of it being uncertain? yet the hands, feet, and eyes, observe the motions of it: we lie down, run about, and ramble, as that commands us. If we be covetous, we fish the seas, and ransack the earth for treasure; if ambitious, we burn our flesh with Scævola; we cast ourselves into the gulph with Curtius: so would that vast multitude of people, which is animated but with one soul, governed by one spirit, and moved by one reason, destroy itself with its own strength, if it were not supported by wisdom and government. Wherefore it is for their own security, that the people expose their lives for their prince, as the very bond that ties the republic together; the vital spirit of so many thousands, which would be nothing else but a burden and prey, without a governor. When this union comes once to be dissolved, all falls to pieces; for empire and obedience must stand and fall together. It is no wonder then, if a prince be dear to his people, when the community is wrapt up in him, and the good of both as inseparable as the body and the head; the one for strength, and the other for counsel; for what signifies the force of the

body, without the direction of the understanding? While the prince watches, his people sleep; his labour keeps them at ease, and his business keeps them at quiet. The natural intent of monarchy appears even from the very discipline of bees: they assign to their master the fairest lodgings, the safest place; and his office is only to see that the rest perform their duties. When their king is lost, the whole swarm dissolves: more than one they will not admit, and then they contend who shall have the best; they are of all creatures the fiercest for their bigness, and leave their stings behind them in their enemies; only their king himself has none, intimating, that kings should neither be vindictive nor cruel. Is it not a shame, after such an example of moderation in these creatures, that men should be yet intemperate? It were well, if they lost their stings too in their revenge, as well as the others, that they might hurt but once, and do no mischief by their proxies. It would tire them out, if either they were to execute all with their own hands, or to wound others, at the peril of their own lives.

A prince should behave himself generously in the power which God has given him, of life and death, especially toward those that have been at any time his equals; for the one has his revenge, and the other his punishment in it. He that

stands indebted for his life, has lost it; but he that receives his life at the foot of his enemy, lives to the honour of his preserver. He lives the lasting monument of his virtue; whereas if he had been led in triumph, the spectacle would have been quickly over. Or, what if he should restore him to his kingdom again; would it not be an ample accession to his honour, to shew that he found nothing about the conquered that was worthy of the conqueror? there is nothing more venerable, than a prince that does not revenge an injury. He that is gracious, is beloved, and reverenced as a common father; but a tyrant stands in fear and danger even of his own guards. No prince can be safe himself, of whom all others are afraid; for to spare none is to enrage all. It is an error to imagine, that any man can be secure, that suffers nobody else to be so too. How can any man endure to lead an uneasy, suspicious, anxious life, when he may be safe if he pleases, and enjoy all the blessings of power, together with the prayers of his people? Clemency protects a prince without a guard, there is no need of troops, castles, or fortifications: security on the one side, is the condition of security on the other; and the affections of the subject are the most invincible fortress. What can be fairer, than for a prince to live the object of his people's love, to have the vows of their heart, as well as of their

lips; and his health and sickness, their common hopes and fears? There will be no danger of plots; nay, on the contrary, who would not frankly venture his blood to serve him, under whose government justice, peace, modesty, and dignity flourish; under whose influence men grow rich and happy; and whom men look upon with such veneration, as they would do upon the immortal gods, if they were capable of seeing them? and, as the true representative of the Almighty, they consider him, when he is gracious and bountiful, and employs his power to the advantage of his subjects.

When a prince proceeds to punishment, it must be either to vindicate himself, or others. It is a hard matter to govern himself in his own case. If a man should advise him not to be credulous, but to examine matters, and indulge the innocent, this is rather a point of justice than of clemency.: but, in case that he be manifestly injured, I would have him forgive, where he may safely do it; and be tender even where he cannot forgive; but far more exorable in his own case, however, than in another's. It is nothing to be free of another man's purse; and it is as little to be merciful in another man's cause. He is the great man that masters his passion where he is stung himself; and pardons when he might destroy. The end of punishment is, either to com-

fort the party injured, or to secure him for the future. A prince's fortune is above the need of such a comfort, and his power is too eminent to seek an advance of reputation by doing a private man a mischief. This I speak, in case of an affront from those that are below us: but he, that of an equal has made any man his inferior, has his revenge in the bringing of him down. A prince has been killed by a servant, destroyed by a serpent; but whosoever preserves a man, must be greater than the person that he preserves. With citizens, strangers, and people of low condition, a prince is not to contend, for they are beneath him: he may spare some out of good-will, and others, as he would do some creatures that a man cannot touch without fouling his fingers: but for those that are to be pardoned, or exposed to public punishment, he may use mercy as he sees occasion; and a generous mind can never want inducements and motives to it; and whether it be age or sex, high or low, nothing comes amiss.

To pass now to the vindication of others, there must be had a regard either to the amendment of the person punished, or the making others better for fear of punishment; or the taking the offender out of the way, for the security of others. An amendment may be procured by a small punishment; for he lives more carefully that has some-

thing yet to lose; it is a kind of impunity, to be incapable of a farther punishment. The corruptions of a city are best cured by a few and sparing severities; for the multitude of offenders creates a custom of offending, and company authorizes a crime, and there is more good to be done upon a dissolute age by patience than by rigour; provided that it pass not for an approbation of ill manners, but only as an unwillingness to proceed to extremities. Under a merciful prince a man will be ashamed to offend, because a punishment that is inflicted by a gentle governor seems to fall heavier, and with more reproach: and it is remarkable also, that those sins are often committed, which are very often punished. Caligula, in five years, condemned more people to the sack than ever were before him: and there were fewer parricides before that law against them, than after. For our ancestors did wisely presume, that the crime would never be committed, until by law for punishing it they found that it might be done. Parricides began with the law against them, and the punishment instructed men in the crime. Where there are few punishments, innocency is indulged as a public good, and it is a dangerous thing to shew a city how strong it is in delinquents. There is a certain contumacy in the nature of man, that makes him oppose difficulties. We are better to

follow than to drive; as a generous horse rides best with an easy bit. People obey willingly, where they are commanded kindly. When Burrhus, the prefect, was to sentence two malefactors, he brought the warrant to Nero to sign; who, after a long reluctancy, came to it at last with this exclamation—I would I could not write. A speech that deserved the whole world for an auditory, but all princes especially; and that the hearts of all the subjects would conform to the likeness of their masters. As the head is well, or ill, so is the mind dull, or merry. What is the difference betwixt a king and a tyrant, but a diversity of will under one and the same power? the one destroys for his pleasure, the other upon necessity: a distinction rather in fact than in name. A gracious prince is armed as well as a tyrant, but it is for the defence of his people, and not for the ruin of them. No king can ever have faithful servants, that accustoms them to tortures and executions: the very guilty themselves do not lead so anxious a life as the persecutors; for they are not only afraid of justice, both divine and human, but it is dangerous for them to mend their manners, so that when they are once in, they must continue to be wicked upon necessity. An universal hatred unites in a popular rage. A temperate fear may be kept in order, but when it comes once to be continual and

A turbulent government is a perpetual trouble.

sharp, it provokes people to extremities, and transports them to desperate resolutions: as wild beasts, when they are prest upon the toil, turn back and assault the very pursuers. A turbulent government is a perpetual trouble, both to prince and people; and he that is a terror to all others, is not without terror also to himself. Frequent punishments and revenges may suppress the hatred of a few, but then it stirs up the detestation of all. So that there is no destroying one enemy without making many. It is good to master the will of being cruel, even while there may be cause for it, and matter to work upon.

Augustus was a gracious prince when he had the power in his own hand, but in the triumviracy he made use of his sword, and had his friends ready armed to set upon Anthony, during that dispute. But he behaved himself afterwards at another rate, for when he was betwixt forty and fifty years of age, he was told that Cinna was in a plot to murder him, with the time, place, and manner of the design; and this from one of the confederates. Upon this he resolved upon a revenge, and sent for several of his friends to advise upon it. The thought of it kept him walking, to consider, that there was the life of a young nobleman in the case, the nephew of Pompey, and a person otherwise innocent. He was off and on several times, whether he should put

him to death or not. "What," says he, "shall I live in trouble and in danger myself, and the contriver of my death walk free and secure? Will nothing serve him but that life, which Providence has preserved in so many civil wars, in so many battles, both by sea and land; and now, in the state of an universal peace too? and not a simple murder neither, but a sacrifice, for I am to be assaulted at the very altar; and shall the contriver of all this villainy escape unpunished?" Here Augustus made a little pause, and then recollecting himself—"No, no, Cæsar," says he, "it is rather Cæsar, than Cinna, that I am to be angry with: why do I myself live any longer, after that my death is become the interest of so many people? and if I go on, what end will there be of blood, and of punishment? If it be against my life that the nobility arms itself, and levels their weapons, my single life is not worth the while, if so many must be destroyed, that I may be preserved." His wife, Livia, gave him here an interruption, and desired him that he would for once hear a woman's counsel.—"Do," says she, "like a physician, that when common remedies fail, will try the contrary. You have got nothing hitherto by severity; after Salvidianus there followed Lepidus, after him Muræna; Cæpio followed him, and Egnetius followed Cæpio: try now what mercy will do, forgive Cinna. He is

discovered, and can do you no hurt in your person; and it will yet advantage you in your reputation." Augustus was glad of the advice, and he gave thanks for it; and thereupon countermanded the meeting of his friends, and ordered Cinna to be brought to him alone, for whom he caused a chair to be set, and then discharged the rest of the company. "Cinna," says Augustus, "before I go any farther, you must promise not to give me the interruption of one syllable, until I have told you all I have to say, and you shall have liberty afterward to say what you please. You cannot forget, that when I found you in arms against me, and not only made my enemy, but born so, I gave you your life and fortune. Upon your petition for the priesthood, I granted it, with a repulse to the sons of those that had been my fellow-soldiers; and you are at this day so happy and so rich, that even the conquerors envy him that is overcome, and yet, after all this, you are in a plot, Cinna, to murder me." At that word Cinna started, and interposed with exclamations—"That certainly he was far from being either so wicked, or so mad."—"This is breach of conditions, Cinna," says Augustus, "it is not your time to speak yet. I tell you again, that you are in a plot to murder me;" and so he told him the time, the place, the confederates,

the order and manner of the design, and who it was to do the deed. Cinna, upon this, fixed his eye upon the ground, without any reply, not for his word-sake, but as in a confusion of conscience; and so Augustus went on. "What," says he, "may be your design in all this? Is it that you would pretend to step into my place? The commonwealth were in an ill condition, if only Augustus were in the way betwixt you and the government. You were cast the other day in a cause, by one of your own freemen; and do you expect to find a weaker adversary of Cæsar? But what if I were removed? there is Æmilius Paulus, Fabius Maximus, and twenty other families of great blood and interest, that would never bear it." To cut off the story short, (for it was a discourse of above two hours, and Augustus lengthened the punishment in words, since he intended that should be all),—"Well, Cinna," says he, "the life that I gave to you once as an enemy, I will now repeat it to a traitor, and to a parricide, and this shall be the last reproach I will give you. For the time to come, there shall be no other contention betwixt you and me, than which shall outdo the other in point of friendship." After this Augustus made Cinna consul, (an honour which he confessed he durst not so much as desire,) and Cinna was ever affection-

ately faithful to him: he made Cæsar his sole heir; and this was the last conspiracy that ever was formed against him.

The moderation of Augustus was the excellency of his mature age; for in his youth he was passionate and sudden, and he did many things which afterward he looked back upon with trouble. After the battle of Actium, so many navies broken in Sicily, both Roman and strangers; the Perusian altars, (where 300 lives were sacrificed to the ghost of Julius,) his frequent proscriptions, and other severities; his temperance at last seemed to be little more than a weary cruelty. If he had not forgiven those that he conquered, whom should he have governed? He chose his very life-guard from among his enemies, and the flower of the Romans owed their lives to his clemency. Nay, he only punished Lepidus himself with banishment, and permitted him to wear the ensigns of his dignity, without taking the pontificate to himself, so long as Lepidus was living; for he would not possess it as a spoil, but as an honour. This clemency it was that secured him in his greatness, and ingratiated him to the people, though he laid his hand upon the government before they had thoroughly submitted to the yoke; and this clemency it was, that has made his name famous to posterity. This is it, that makes us reckon him di-

vine, without the authority of an apotheosis. He was so tender and patient, that though many a bitter jest was broken upon him (and contumelies upon princes are the most intolerable of all injuries), yet he never punished any man upon that subject.—It is then generous to be merciful, when we have it in our power to take revenge.

A son of Titus Arius being examined, and found guilty of parricide, was banished Rome, and confined to Marseilles, where his father allowed him the same annuity that he had before; which made all people conclude him guilty, when they saw that his father had yet condemned the son that he could not hate. Augustus was pleased to sit upon the fact, in the house of Arius, only as a single member of the council, that was to examine it: if it had been in Cæsar's palace, the judgment must have been Cæsar's, and not the father's. Upon a full hearing of the matter, Cæsar directed that every man should write his opinion, whether guilty or not, and without declaring his own, for fear of a partial vote. Before the opening of the books, Cæsar passed an oath, that he would not be Arius's heir: and, to shew that he had no interest in his sentence, as appeared afterward, for he was not condemned to the ordinary punishment of parricides, nor to a prison, but, by the mediation of Cæsar, only banished Rome, and confined to the place which

his father should name: Augustus insisting upon it, that the father should content himself with an easy punishment; and arguing, that the young man was not moved to the attempt by malice, and that he was but half resolved in the fact, for he wavered in it, and therefore to remove him from the city, and from his father's sight, would be sufficient. This is a glorious mercy, and worthy of a prince, to make all things gentler wherever he comes. How miserable is that man in himself, who, when he has employed his power in rapine and cruelty upon others, is yet more unhappy in himself? He stands in fear both of his domestics and of strangers, the faith of his friends and the piety of his children, and flies to actual violence to secure him from the violence he fears. When he comes to look about him, and to consider what he has done, what he must, and what he is about to do, what with the wickedness and with the torments of his conscience, many times he fears death, oftener he wishes for it, and lives more odious to himself than to his subjects: whereas, on the contrary, he that takes a care of the public, though of one part more perhaps than another, yet there is not any part of it, but he looks upon as a part of himself. His mind is tender and gentle, and even where punishment is necessary and profitable, he comes

to it unwillingly, and without any rancour or enmity in his heart. Let the authority, in fine, be what it will, clemency becomes it, and the greater the power, the greater is the glory of it. It is a truly royal virtue, for a prince to deliver his people from other men's anger, and not to oppress them with his own.

EPISTLES.

CERTAIN GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE VOICE.

YOU say well, that in speaking, the very ordering of the voice (to say nothing of the actions, countenances, and other circumstances that accompany it), is a consideration worthy of a wise man. There are, that prescribe certain modes of rising and falling: nay, if you will be governed by them, you shall not speak a word, move a step, or eat a bit, but by rule; and these perhaps are too critical. Do not understand me yet, as if I made no difference betwixt entering upon a discourse loud or soft, for the affections do not naturally rise by degrees; and, in all disputes, or pleadings, whether public or private, a man should properly begin with modesty and temper,

and so advance by little and little, if need be, into clamour and vociferation. And as the voice rises by degrees, let it fall so too: not snapping off upon a sudden, but abating, as upon moderation; the other is unmannerly and rude. He that has a precipitate speech, is commonly violent in his manners: beside, that there is in it much of vanity and emptiness; and no man takes satisfaction in a flux of words without choice, where the noise is more than the value. Fabius was a man eminent both for his life and learning, and no less for his eloquence. His speech was rather easy and sliding, than quick; which he accounted to be not only liable to many errors, but to a suspicion of immodesty. Nay, let a man have words ever so much at will, he will no more speak fast than he will run, for fear his tongue should go before his wit. The speech of a philosopher should be like his life, composed, without pressing, or stumbling; which is fitter for a mountebank, than a man of sobriety and business. And then to drop one word after another, is as bad on the other side: the interruption is tedious, and tires out the auditor with expectation. Truth and morality should be delivered in words plain, and without affectation; for, like remedies, unless they stay with us, we are never the better for them. He that would work upon his hearers, must no more expect to do it upon the post, than a physician to cure his patients

A wanton effeminate speech bespeaks luxury.

only in passing by them. Not but that I would have a wise man, in some cases, to raise himself, and mend his pace, but still with a regard to the dignity of his manners; though there may be a great force also in moderation. I would have his discourse smooth, and flowing like a river; not impetuous, like a torrent. There is a rapid, lawless, and irrevocable velocity of speech, which I would scarce allow, even to an orator; for if he be transported with passion, or ostentation, a man's attention can hardly keep him company. It is not the quantity, but the pertinence, that does the business. Let the words of an ancient man flow soft and gentle; let those of an orator come off round and powerful, but not run on without fear, or wit, as if a whole declamation were to be but one period. Cicero wrote with care, and that which will for ever stand the test. All publlic languages are according to the humour of the age. A wantonness, and effeminacy of speech, denotes luxury: for the wit follows the mind; if the latter be sound, composed, temperate, and grave, the wit is dry and sober too; but if the one be corrupted, the other is likewise unsound. Do we not see when a man's mind is heavy, how he creeps, and draws his legs after him? A finical temper is read in the very gestures and cloaths; if a man be choleric and violent, it is also discovered in his motions. An angry man speaks

Speech is the index of the mind.

short and quick; the speech of an effeminate man is loose and melting. A quaint, and solicitous way of speaking, is the sign of a weak mind; but a great man speaks with ease and freedom, and with more assurance, though less care. Speech is the index of the mind: when you see a man dress, and set his cloaths in print, you shall be sure to find his words so too, and nothing in them that is firm and weighty; it does not become a man to be delicate. As it is in drink, the tongue never trips until the mind be overborne; so it is with speech, so long as the mind is whole and sound, the speech is masculine and strong; but if one fails, the other follows.

OF STYLES, COMPOSITIONS, AND THE CHOICE OF WORDS.

You cannot expect any certain and universal rule, either for the style, or for the manner of speaking, or writing, because they vary according to usage and occasion; so that we must content ourselves with generals. Men write and speak according to the humour of the age they live in: and there is also a correspondence betwixt the language and the life of particular persons; as one may give a near guess at a man by his very gait, furniture, and cloaths. In the first place, let the sense be honest and noble; not pinched up in sentences, but substantial, and of

Compositions should be more forcible than flowery.

higher design, with nothing in it superfluous. Let the words be fitted to the matter; and where the subject is familiar, let the style be so too. But great thoughts must have suitable expressions; and there ought to be a kind of transport in the one, to answer it in the other. It is not enough to compose a pleasant fable, and tickle the fancy; but he that treats of weighty matters, must do it in the grave and sober terms. There are some that have not so much of the vigour of an orator, or of that sententious sharpness; and yet the worthiness of the sense makes amends for the lowness of the style. Our forefathers were not at all delighted with fine words and flowers: but their compositions were strong, equal, and manly. We have, nowadays, here and there a point; but the work is uneven, where only this, or that particular is remarkable. We never admire this, or that single tree, where the whole wood is all of a height. A specious title-page may commend a book to sale, but not for use. An eminent author is to be taken down whole, and not here and there a bit. It is a maiming of the body to take the members of it apart: nor is it a handsome leg, or arm, that makes a handsome man; but the symmetry and agreement of all together. It is the excellency of speaking and writing, to do it close, and in words accommodate to the intention; and I would yet have somewhat more

to be signified than is delivered: it being also a mark of strength and solidity of judgment. The propriety of words, in some cases, is wonderful; especially when we are well read in the knowledge of things, and of duties, and there is a singular grace in the gentleness of numbers, when they run smooth, and without perturbation. Some are raised and startled at words, as a horse is at a drum; and indue the very passion of the speaker. Others are moved with the beauty of things; and when they hear any thing bravely urged against death, or fortune, they do secretly wish for some occasion of experimenting that generosity in themselves. But not one of a thousand of them, that carries the resolution home with him, that he had conceived. It is an easy matter to excite an auditory to the love of goodness, having already the foundation and the seeds of virtue within themselves: so that it is but awakening the consideration of it, where all men are agreed beforehand upon the main. Who is so sordid, as not to be roused at such a speech as this?—The poor man wants many things, but the covetous man wants all. Can any flesh forbear being delighted with this saying, though a satire against his own vice? As to forced metaphors, and wild hyperboles, I would leave them to the poets. And I am utterly against fooling with tinkling conceits and sounds;

not that I would wholly forbid the use of hyperboles, which, although they exceed the truth, may yet be a means, by things incredible, to bring us unto things credible. And there may be great use made also of parables: for the way of application does usually more affect the mind, than the downright meaning. That speech which gains upon the passions, is much more profitable than that which only works upon the judgment. Chrysippus was a great man, and of an acute wit, but the edge of it was so fine, that every thing turned it; and he might be said, in truth, rather to prick the subject that he handled, than to pierce it through.

As it is not for the honour of a philosopher to be solicitous about words, I would not have him negligent either: but let him speak with assurance, and without affectation. If we can, let our discourses be powerful; but, however, let them be clear. I like a composition that is nervous and strong; but yet I would have it sweet and gracious withal. There are many things, I know, that please well enough in the delivery, and yet will hardly abide the test of an examination. But that eloquence is mischievous, that diverts a man from things to words, and little better than a prostitution of letters. For what signifies the pomp of words, or the jumbling of syllables, to the making up of a wise man? Tully's composi-

tion indeed is equal, his numbers are harmonious, free, and gentle, and yet he takes care not to make any forfeiture of his gravity. Fabian is a great man, in being second to Cicero: Pollio is a great man too, though a step below him; and so is Livy likewise, though he comes after the other three. But several subjects require several excellencies. An orator should be sharp, the tragedian great, and the comedian pleasant. When a man declaims against vice, let him be bitter; against danger, bold; against fortune, proud; against ambition, reproachful: let him chide luxury, defame lust; an impotency of mind must be broken. In these cases, words are the least part of an honest man's business.

In the matter of composition, I would write as I speak, with ease and freedom; for it is more friendly, as well as more natural: and so much my inclination, that if I could make my mind visible to you, I would neither speak nor write it. If I put my thoughts in good sense, the matter of ornament I shall leave to the orators. There are some things that a man may write, even as he travels; others, that require privacy and leisure. But, however, it is good in writing, as in other cases, to leave the best bit for the last. A philosopher has no more to do than to speak properly, and in words that express his meaning. And this may be done without tossing of the hands, stamp-

ing, or any violent agitation of the body; without either the vanity of the theatre, on the one hand, or an insipid heaviness on the other. I would have his speech as plain and simple as his life; for he is then as good as his word, when both hearing him, and seeing him, we find him to be the same person. And yet, if a man can be eloquent, without more pains than the thing is worth, let him use his faculty: provided that he value himself upon the matter, more than upon the words; and apply himself rather to the understanding, than to the fancy; for this is a business of virtue, not a trial of wit. Who is there that would not rather have a healing, than a rhetorical physician? but for esteeming any man purely upon the score of his rhetoric, I would as soon chuse a pilot for a good head of hair.

In the matter of reading, I would fix upon some particular authors, and make them my own. He that is every where, is no where; but, like a man that spends his life in travel, he has many hosts but few friends. Which is the very condition of him that skips from one book to another: the variety does but distract his head, and for want of digesting, it turns to corruption instead of nourishment. It is a good argument of a well composed mind, when a man loves home, and to

keep company with himself: whereas a rambling head is a certain sign of a sickly humour. Many books, and many acquaintances, bring a man to a levity of disposition, and a liking of change. What is the body the better for meat, that will not stay with it? nor is there any thing more hurtful in the case of diseases, or wounds, than the frequent shifting of physic, or plaisters. Of authors, be sure to make choice of the best; and (as I said before) to stick close to them; and though you take up others by the by, reserve some select ones, however, for your study and retreat. In your reading, you will every day meet with consolation and support against poverty, death, and other calamities, incident to human life: extract what you like, and then single some particular from the rest, for that day's meditation. Reading does not only feed and entertain the understanding, but when a man is dosed with one study, he relieves himself with another; but still reading and writing are to be taken up by turns. So long as the meat lies whole upon the stomach it is a burden to us, but upon the concoction, it passes into strength and blood. And so it fares with our studies, so long as they lie whole, they pass into the memory, without affecting the understanding; but, upon meditation, they become our own, and supply us

Wheresoever the speech is corrupted, so is the mind.

with strength and virtue: the bee, that wanders and sips from every flower, disposes what she has gathered into her cells.

AGAINST ALL SORTS OF AFFECTATION IN DISCOURSE.

THERE are many men, and some of great sense too, that lose both the profit and the reputation of good thoughts, by the uncouth manner of expressing them. They love to talk in mystery, and take it for a mark of wisdom not to be understood. They are so fond of making themselves public, that they will rather be ridiculous, than not taken notice of. When the mind grows squeamish, and comes to a loathing of things that are common, as if they were sordid, that sickness betrays itself in our way of speaking too: for we must have new words, new compositions, and it passes for an ornament to borrow from other tongues, where we may be better furnished in our own. One man prizes himself upon being concise, and talking in parables; another runs himself out in words, and that which he takes only for copious, renders him to others both ridiculous and tedious. Others there are, that like the error well enough, but cannot come up to it. But, take this for a rule—wheresoever the speech is corrupted, so is the mind. Some are only for words antiquated, and long since out

of date; others only for that which is popular and coarse; and they are both in the wrong, for the one takes too little care, and the other too much. Some are for a rough broken style, as if it were a thing unmanly to please the ear; others are too nice upon the matter of number, and make it rather singing than speaking. Some affect not to be understood until the end of the period, and hardly then either. It is not good, a style that is either too bold, or too florid; the one wants modesty, and the other effect. Some are too starched and formal; others take a pride in being rugged, and if they chance to let fall any thing that is smooth, they will transpose and mangle it on purpose, only to maim the period, and disappoint a body's expectation. These errors are commonly introduced by some person that is famous for his eloquence; others follow him, and so it passes into a fashion. And we are as much out in the choice of the matter as in that of our words.

There are some studies which are only matter of curiosity, and trials of skill; others of pleasure, and of use: but still there are many things worth the knowing, perhaps, that were not worth the learning. It is a huge deal of time that is spent in cavilling about words and captious disputations, that work us up to an edge, and then nothing comes of it. There are some tricks of

wit, like slight of hand, which amount to no more than the tying of knots only to loosen them again; and it is the very fallacy that pleases us, for, so soon as ever we know how they are done, the satisfaction is at an end. He that does not understand these sophisms, is never the worse; and he that does, is never the better. If a man tells me that I have horns, I can tell him again that I have none, without feeling on my forehead. Bion's dilemma makes all men to be sacrilegious, and yet at the same time maintains, that there is no such thing as sacrilege. "He that takes to himself," says he, "what belongs to God, commits sacrilege; but all things belong to God, therefore, he that applies any thing to his own use, is sacrilegious." On the other side, the very rifling of a temple he makes to be no sacrilege—"For it is," says he, "but the taking of something out of one place that belongs to God, and removing it to another that belongs to him too." The fallacy lies in this, that though all things belong to him, all things are not yet dedicated to him. There is no greater enemy of truth, than overmuch subtilty of speculation. Protagoras will have every thing disputable, and as much to be said for the one side, as for the other. Nay, he makes it another question—whether every thing be disputable or no? There are others that make it a science, to prove, that

man knows nothing: but the former is the more tolerable error; for the one takes away the very hope of knowledge; and it is better to know that which is superfluous, than nothing at all. And yet it is a kind of intemperance to desire to know more than enough; for it makes men troublesome, talkative, impertinent, conceited, &c. There is a certain hankering after learning, which if it be not put into a right way, hinders, and falls foul upon itself. Wherefore the burden must be fitted to the shoulders, and no more than we are able to bear. It is, in a great measure, the fault of our tutors, that teach their disciples rather how to dispute than how to live: and the learner himself is also to blame, for applying himself to the improvement rather of his wit than of his mind, by which means philosophy is now turned to philology. Put a grammarian to a Virgil, he never heeds the philosophy, but the verse: every man takes notes for his own study. In the same meadow the cow finds grass, the dog starts a hare, and the stork snaps a lizzard. Tully's De Republica finds work both for the philosopher, the philologer, and the grammarian. The philosopher wonders how it was possible to speak so much against justice. The philologer makes this observation, that Rome had two kings: the one without a father, and the other without a mother; for it is a question, who was Servius's

mother, and of Ancus's father there is not so much as any mention. The grammarian takes notice that reapse is used for reipsa, and sepse for seipse. And so every man makes his notes for his own purpose. These fooleries apart, let us learn to do good to mankind, and to put our knowledge into action. Our danger is the being mistaken in things, not in words; and in the confounding of good and evil. So that our whole life is but one continued error, and we live in dependency upon to-morrow. There are a world of things to be studied and learned, and therefore we should discharge the mind of things unnecessary, to make way for greater matters. The business of the schools is rather a play than a study, and only to be done when we can do nothing else. There are many people that frequent them only to hear, and not to learn; and they take notes too, not to reform their manners, but to pick up words, which they vent with as little benefit to others as they heard them to themselves. It costs us a great deal of time, and other men's ears a great deal of trouble, to purchase the character of a learned man; wherefore I shall even content myself with the coarser title of an honest man. The worst of it is, that there is a vain and idle pleasure in it, which tempts us to squander away many a precious hour to very little purpose. We spend ourselves upon subtil-

ties, which may, perchance, make us to be thought learned, but not good. Wisdom delights in openness and simplicity; in the forming of our lives rather than in the niceties of the schools, which, at best, do but bring us pleasure without profit. And, in short, the things which the philosophers impose upon us with so much pride and vanity, are little more than the same lessons over again, which they learned at school. But some authors have their names up, though their discourses be mean enough; they dispute and wrangle, but they do not edify, any farther than as they keep us from ill doing, or, perhaps, stop us in our speed to wickedness. And there ought to be a difference betwixt the applauses of the schools, and of the theatres; the one being moved with every popular conceit, which does not at all consist with the dignity of the other. Whereas there are some writings that stir up some generous resolutions, and do, as it were, inspire a man with a new soul. They display the blessings of a happy life, and possess me at the same time with admiration and with hope. They give me a veneration for the oracles of antiquity, and a claim to them, as to a common inheritance; for they are the treasure of mankind, and it must be my duty to improve the stock, and transmit it to posterity. And yet I do not love to hear a man cite Zeno, Cleanthes, Epicurus, without

something of his own too. What do I care for the bare hearing of that which I may read? Not but that word of mouth makes a great impression, especially when they are the speaker's own words: but he that only recites another man's words, is no more to me than a notary. Beside that, there is an end of invention, if we rest upon what is invented already; and he that only follows another, is so far from finding out any thing new, that he does not so much as look for it. I do not pretend all this while to be the master of truth, but I am yet a most obstinate inquisitor after it. I am no man's slave, but as I ascribe much to great men, I challenge something to myself. Our forefathers have left us not only their invention, but matter also for farther enquiry, and perhaps they might have found out more things that are necessary, if they had not bent their thoughts too much upon superfluities.

Is not this a fine time for us to be fidling and fooling about words? How many useful and necessary things are there, that we are first to learn, and, secondly, to imprint in our minds? For it is not enough to remember, and to understand, unless we do what we know.

BUSINESS, AND WANT OF NEWS, ARE NO EXCUSE AMONG FRIENDS FOR NOT WRITING.

Your last letter was very short, and the whole letter itself was little more than an excuse for the shortness of it. One while you are so full of business that you cannot write at all, and another while you have so little news that you do not know what to write. Now, assure yourself, that whosoever has a mind to write may find leisure for it: and for your other pretence, it looks as if we ourselves were the least part of our own business. Put the case, that the whole world were becalmed, and that there were neither wars, amours, factions, designs, disappointments, competitors, or law-suits; no prodigals, usurers, or fornicators in nature, there would be a large field yet left for the offices of friendship, and for the exercise of philosophy and virtue. Let us rather consider what we ourselves ought to do, than hearken after the doings of other people. What signifies the story of our neighbour's errors, to the reforming of our own? Is it not a more glorious and profitable employment, to write the history of Providence, than to record the usurpation of ambitious princes; and rather to celebrate the bounties of the Almighty, than the robberies

of Alexander? Nor is business any excuse for the neglect either of our studies, or of our friends. First, we continue our own business, and then we increase it; and instead of lending, we do wholly give ourselves up to it, and hunt for colourable pretences of mis-spending our time. But I say, that wherever we are, or with whomsoever, or howsoever employed, we have our thoughts at liberty.

You have here drawn a long letter from me, and if you find it tedious, you may thank yourself for calling upon me to be as good as my word. Not but that I write by inclination too. For if we love the pictures of our friends, by what hand soever they may be drawn, how much more then shall we joy in a friend's letter, which are undoubtedly the most lively pictures of one another? It is a shame, you will say, to stand in need of any remembrancers of an absent friend, and yet sometimes the place, a servant, a relation, a house, a garment, may honestly excite the memory; and it renders every thing as fresh to us, as if we were still joined in our embraces, and drinking up one another's tears. It is by the benefit of letters, that absent friends are in a manner brought together; beside that, epistolary discourses are much more profitable than public and premeditated declamations. For they insinuate themselves into the affections with more

freedom and effect, though with less pomp and pretence. You do expect, perhaps, that I should tell you how gentle and short a winter we have had; how cold and unseasonable a spring, or some other fooleries, to as little purpose. But, what are you and I the better for such discourses? We should rather be laying the foundations of a good mind; and learning to distinguish betwixt the blessings of virtue and the amusements of imagination. There came in some friends to me yesterday, that made the chimney smoke a little more than ordinary, but not at a rate to make the neighbourhood cry out fire. We had a variety of discourse; and passing from one thing to another, we came at last to read something of Quintus Sextius, (a great man, upon my credit, deny it that will); Good God! the force and vigour of that man's writings! and how much are they above the common level of other philosophers! I cannot read them, methinks, without challenging of fortune, and defying all the powers of ambition and violence. The more I consider him, the more I admire him, for I find in him (as in the world itself), every day to be a new spectacle, and to afford fresh matter still for more veneration. And yet the wisdom of our forefathers has left work enough for their posterity, even if there were no more in it than the application of what they have transmitted to us of their

own invention. As, suppose, that they had left us remedies for such and such diseases, so certain, that we should not need to look for any other medicines; there would be some skill yet required in the applying of them in the proper case, proportion, and season. I have an honour for the memorials of our worthy progenitors. If I meet a consul, or a prætor, upon the road, I will alight from my horse, uncover my head, and give him the way; and shall I have no veneration now for the names of the governors of mankind? No man is so wise as to know all things; or, if he did, one wise man may yet be helpful to another, in finding out a nearer way to the finishing of his work: for, let a man make ever so much haste, it is some sort of assistance, the bare encouraging of him to continue his course, beside the comforts and benefits of communication in loving and being beloved, and in the mutual approbation of each other.

The last point, you know, that you and I had in debate, was—whether or no wisdom may be perfected by precept. There are some, that account only that part of philosophy to be profitable to mankind, which delivers itself in particular precepts to particular persons, without forming the whole man: teaching the husband (for the purpose) how to behave himself to his wife, the father how to train up and discipline his children,

and the master how to govern his servants. As if any man could be sufficiently instructed in the parts of life, without comprehending the whole sum and scope of it. Others (as Aristo, the Stoic) are rather for the general decrees of philosophers; which whosoever knows in the main, that person understands, in every particular, how to tutor himself. As he that learns to cast a dart, when he has by practice and exercise gotten a true aim, he will not only strike this or that mark, but whatever he has a mind to: so he that is well informed in the whole, will need no direction in the parts, but, under the principles of a good life, learn how to behave himself in all the circumstances of it. Cleanthes allows the Paræ-netic, or preceptive philosophy, to be in some sort profitable, but yet very short and defective, unless as it flows from the universal understanding of the heads and decrees of philosophy. Now the question is—whether this alone can make a good man, and whether it be superfluous itself, or so sufficient as to make all other knowledge appear so. They that will have it superfluous, argue thus:—If the eyes be covered, there is no seeing without removing the impediment, and in that condition it is to no purpose to bid a man go to such or such a place, or to reach this or that with his hand. And so it fares with the mind, so long as that continues clouded with ignorance

and error, it is idle to give particular precepts; as if you should teach a poor man to act the part of a rich, or one that is hungry how to behave himself with a full stomach; while the one is necessitous, and the other half-starved, they are neither of them the better for it. And then, shall we give precepts in manifest cases, or in doubtful? the former need none, and in the latter we shall not be believed. Nor is it enough simply to advise, unless we also give reasons for it. There are two errors which we are liable to in this case, either the wickedness of perverse opinions, which have taken possession of us; or at least a disposition to entertain error, under any resemblance of truth. So that our work must be, either to cure a sick mind, that is already tainted; or to prepossess an evil inclination, before it comes to an ill habit. Now, the decrees of philosophy enable us in both these cases: nor is it possible, by particulars, to obviate all particular occasions. One man marries a widow, another a maid, she may be rich or poor, barren or fruitful, young or ancient, superior, inferior, or equal. One man follows public business, another flies it; so that the same advice that is profitable to the one, may be mischievous to the other. Every one's is a particular case, and must be suited with a particular counsel. The laws of philosophy are brief, and extend to all; but the

variety of the other is incomprehensible, and can never make that good to all, which it promises to a few. The precepts of wisdom lie open, but the degrees of it are hidden in the dark.

Now, in answer, it does not hold with the mind as with the eye: if there be a suffusion, it is to be helped by remedy, and not by precept. The eye is not be taught to distinguish colours, but the mind must be informed what to do in life. And yet the physician will prescribe order also to the patient, as well as physic, and tell him—You must bring your eye to endure the light by degrees; have a care of studying upon a full stomach, &c. We are told, that precepts do neither extinguish nor abate false opinions in us, of good or evil; and it shall be granted, that of themselves they are not able to subdue vicious inclinations; but this does not hinder them from being very useful to us, in conjunction with other helps. First, as they refresh the memory; and, secondly, as they bring us to a more distant view of the parts, which we saw but confusedly in the whole. At the same rate, consolatories and exhortations will be found superfluous, as well as precepts; which yet, upon daily experience, we know to be otherwise. Nay, we are the better, not only for the precepts, but for the converse of philosophers; for we still carry away somewhat of the tincture of virtue, whether we will or no:

Advice depends much upon opportunity.

but the deepest impression they make is upon children. It is urged, that precepts are insufficient without proof; but, I say, that the very authority of the adviser goes a great way in the credit of the advice; as we depend upon the opinion of the lawyer, without demanding his reason for it. And again, whereas the variety of precepts is said to be infinite, I cannot allow it. For the greatest and most necessary affairs are not many; and for the application to time, places, and persons, the differences are so small, that a few general rules will serve the turn. Nay, let a man be ever so right in his opinion, he may be yet confirmed in it by admonition. There are many things that may assist a cure, though they do not perfect it; even madmen themselves may be kept in awe by menaces and correction. But it is a hard matter, I must confess, to give counsel at a distance. For advice depends much upon the opportunity; and that perhaps which was proper when it was desired, may come to be pernicious before it be received. Some indeed may be prescribed, as some remedies, at any distance, and transmitted to posterity; but for others, a man must be upon the place, and deliberate upon circumstances, and be not only present, but watchful, to strike in with the very nick of the occasion.

We are all wicked before we come to be good.

SENECA GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

Your letters were old before they came to my hands, so that I made no enquiry of the messenger what you were adoing; besides that, whereever you are, I take it for granted, that I know your business, and that you are still upon the great work of perfecting yourself: a thing not to be done by chance, but by industry and labour. We are all of us wicked, before we come to be good. We are prepossessed, so that we must unlearn iniquity, and study virtue. The great difficulty is to begin the enterprize: for a weak mind is afraid of new experiments. I have now given over troubling myself for fear of you, because I have that security for your well-doing, that never failed any man. The love of truth and of goodness is become habitual to you. It may so fall out, that fortune perhaps may do you an injury; but there is no fear of your doing yourself one. Go on as you have begun, and compose your resolutions, not to an effeminate ease, but to a frame of virtuous quiet. It is a double kindness that you call me to so strict an account of my time, that nothing less than a diary of my life will satisfy you: for I take it as a mark, both of your good opinion and of your friendship; the former, in believing that I do nothing which I

care to conceal; and the other, in assuring yourself that I will make you the confident of all my secrets. I will hereafter set a watch upon myself, and do as you would have me; and acquaint you, not only with the course and method, but with the very business of my life.

This day I have had entire to myself, without any knocking at my door, or lifting up of the hanging; but I have divided it betwixt my book and my bed, and been left at liberty to do my own business: for all the impertinents were either at the theatre, at bowls, or at the horse match. My body does not require much exercise, and I am beholden to my age for it: a little makes me weary, and that is the end also of that which is most robust. My dinner is a piece of dry bread, without a table, and without fouling my fingers. My sleeps are short, and in truth a little doubtful, betwixt slumbering and waking. One while I am reflecting upon the errors of antiquity, and then I apply myself to the correcting of my own. In my reading, with reverence to the ancients, some things I take, others I alter; and some again I reject, others I invent; without enthralling myself so to another's judgment, as not to preserve the freedom of my own. Sometimes of a sudden, in the middle of my meditations, my ears are struck with a shout of a thousand people together, from some spectacle or other; the

noise does not at all discompose my thoughts; it is no more to me than the dashing of waves, or the wind in a wood; but possibly sometimes it may divert them. Good Lord (think I), if men would but exercise their brains as they do their bodies, and take as much pains for virtue as they do for pleasure! For difficulties strengthen the mind, as well as labour does the body.

You tell me, that you want my books more than my counsels; which I take just as kindly as if you should have asked me for my picture. For I have the very same opinion of my wit, that I have of my beauty. You shall have both the one, and the other, with my very self into the bargain.

In the examination of my own heart, I find some vices that lie open; others more obscure, and out of sight; and some that take me only by fits. Which last I look upon as the most dangerous and troublesome, for they lie upon the catch, and keep a man upon a perpetual guard; being neither provided against them, as in a state of war; nor secure, as in any assurance of peace. To say the truth, we are all of us cruel as ambitious, and as luxurious as our fellows. But we want the fortune, or the occasion, perchance, to shew it. When the snake is frozen it is safe, but the poison is still in it, though it be numbed. We hate upstarts, that use their power with in-

solence; when yet, if we had the same means, it is odds that we should do the same thing ourselves. Only our corruptions are private, for want of opportunity to employ them. Some things we look upon as superfluous, and others not as worth the while. But we never consider, that we pay dearest for that which we pretend to receive gratis: as anxiety, loss of credit, liberty, and time. So cheap is every man in effect, that pretends to be most dear to himself. Some are dipt in their lusts as in a river, there must be a hand to help them out: others are strangely careless of good counsel, and yet well enough disposed to follow example. Some again must be forced to their duties, because there is no good to be done upon them by persuasion. But, out of the whole race of mankind, how few are there that are able to help themselves? Being thus conscious of our own frailty, we should do well to keep ourselves quiet, and not to trust weak minds with wine, beauty, or pleasure. We have much ado, you see, to keep our feet upon dry ground: what will become of us then, if we venture ourselves where it is slippery? It is not to say—this is a hard lesson, and we cannot go through with it. For we can, if we would endeavour it; but we cannot, because we give it for granted that we cannot, without trying whether we can or no. And what is the meaning of

all this, but that we are pleased with our vices, and willing to be mastered by them? so that we had rather excuse, than cast them off. The true reason is, we will not; but the pretence is, that we cannot. And we are not only under a necessity of error, but the very love of it.

To give you now a brief of my own character, I am none of those that take delight in tumults, and in struggling with difficulties. I had rather be quiet, than in arms: for I account it my duty to bear up against ill fortune, but still without chusing it. I am no friend to contention, especially to that of the bar; but I am very much a servant to all honest business, that may be done in a corner. And there is no retreat so unhappy as not to yield entertainment for a great mind; by which a man may make himself profitable, both to his country and to his friends, by his wisdom, by his interest, and by his counsel. It is the part of a good patriot to prefer men of worth, to defend the innocent, to provide good laws, and to advise in war and in peace. But, is not he as good a patriot, that instructs youth in virtue, that furnishes the world with precepts of morality, and keeps human nature within the bounds of right reason? Who is the greater man, he that pronounces a sentence upon the bench, or he that in his study reads us a lecture of justice, piety, patience, fortitude, the know-

ledge of heaven, the contempt of death, and the blessing of a good conscience? The soldier that guards the ammunition and the baggage, is as necessary as he that fights the battle. Was not Cato a greater example than either Ulysses or Hercules? they had the fame, you know, of being indefatigable, despisers of pleasure, and great conquerors, both of their enemies, and of their appetites. But Cato, I must confess, had no encounters with monsters, nor did he fall into those times of credulity, when people believed that the weight of the heavens rested upon one man's shoulders. But he grappled with ambition, and the unlimited desire of power; which the whole world, divided under a triumvirate, was not able to satisfy. He opposed himself to the vices of a degenerate city, even when it was now sinking under its own weight. He stood single, and supported the falling commonwealth, until at last, as inseparable friends, they were crushed together: for neither would Cato survive the public liberty, nor did that liberty out-live Cato. To give you now a farther account of myself—I am naturally a friend to all the rules and methods of sobriety and moderation. I like the old-fashioned plate that was left me by my country father: it is plain and heavy, and yet, for all this, there is a kind of dazzling, methinks, in the ostentations of splendour and luxury. But it

strikes the eye more than the mind; and though it may shake a wise man, it cannot alter him. Yet it sends me home many times sadder, perhaps, than I went out, but yet, I hope, not worse; though not without some secret dissatisfaction at my own condition. Upon these thoughts I betake myself to my philosophy; and then, methinks, I am not well, unless I put myself into some public employment: not for the honour, or the profit of it, but only to place myself in a station where I may be serviceable to my country, and to my friends. But when I come, on the other side, to consider the uneasiness, the abuses, and the loss of time, that attend public affairs, I get me home again as fast as I can, and take up a resolution of spending the remainder of my days within the privacy of my own walls. How great a madness is it to set our hearts upon trifles, especially to the neglect of the most serious offices of our lives, and the most important end of our being? How miserable, as well as short, is their life, that compass with great labour, what they possess with greater; and hold with anxiety, what they acquire with trouble? But, we are governed in all things by opinion, and every thing is to us as we believe it. What is poverty, but a privative; and not intended of what a man has, but of that which he has not? The great subject of human calamities

is money. Take all the rest together, as death, sickness, fear, desire, pain, labour, and those which proceed from money exceed them all. It is a wonderful folly, that of tumblers, rope-dancers, divers, what pains they take, and what hazards they run, for an inconsiderable gain! and yet we have not patience for the thousandth part of that trouble, though it would put us into the possession of an everlasting quiet. Epicurus, for experiment sake, confined himself to a narrower allowance than that of the severest prisons to the most capital offenders, and found himself at ease too in a stricter diet, than a man in the worst condition needs to fear. This was to prevent fortune, and to frustrate the worst which she can do. We should never know any thing to be superfluous, but by the want of it. How many things do we provide, only because others have them, for fashion sake? Caligula offered Demetrius five thousand crowns, who rejected them with a smile, as who should say—It was so little, it did him no honour the refusing of it. Nothing less, says he, than the offer of his whole empire would have been a temptation to have tried the firmness of my virtue. By this contempt of riches, is intended only the fearless possession of them. And the way to attain that, is to persuade ourselves that we may live happily without them. How many of those things, which

reason formerly told us were superfluous and mimical, do we now find to be so by experience? But we are misled by the counterfeit of good on the one hand, and the suspicion of evil on the other. Not that riches are an efficient cause of mischief; but they are a precedent cause, by way of irritation and attraction. For they have so near a resemblance of good, that most people take them to be good. Nay, virtue itself is also a precedent cause of evil; as many are envied for their wisdom, or for their justice. Which does not arise from the thing itself, but from the irreprovable power of virtue, that forces all men to admire and to love it. That is not good, that is more advantageous to us, but that which is only so.

THE BLESSINGS OF A VIRTUOUS RETIREMENT.

THERE is no opportunity escapes me, of enquiring where you are, what you do, and what company you keep: and I am well enough pleased that I can hear nothing concerning you, for it shews that you live retired. Not but that I durst trust you with the wide world too, but, however, it is not easy, such a general conversation: nor is it absolutely safe neither; for, though it should not corrupt you, it would yet hinder you. Now, wheresoever you are, know, that I am with you, and you are so to live, as if

I both heard and saw you. Your letters are really blessings to me, and the sense of your improvements relieves me, even under the consideration of my own decay. Remember, that as I am old, so are you mortal. Be true to yourself, and examine yourself, whether you be of the same mind to-day that you were yesterday; for that is a sign of perfect wisdom. And yet give me leave to tell you, that though change of mind be a token of imperfection; it is the business of my age to unwill one day, that which I willed another. And let me recommend it to your practice too, in many cases; for the abatement of our appetites, and of our errors, is the best entertainment of mankind. It is for young men to gather knowledge, and for old men to use it: and assure yourself, that no man gives a fairer account of his time, than he that makes it his daily study to make himself better. If you be in health, and think it worth the while to become the master of yourself, it is my desire, and my advice, that you apply yourself to wisdom with your whole heart: and judge of your improvement, not by what you speak, or by what you write, but by the firmness of your mind, and the government of your passions. What extremities have some men endured in sieges, even for the ambition and interest of other people! and, shall not a man venture the crossing of an

intemperate lust, for the conquest of himself. You do very well to betake yourself to a private life, and better yet, in keeping of that privacy private. For, otherwise, your retreat would look like ostentation: the greatest actions of our lives are those that we do in a recess from business; besides, that there are some governments and employments, that a man would not have any thing to do withal. And then it is to be considered, that public offices and commissions are commonly bought with our money; whereas the great blessing of leisure and privacy cost us nothing. Contemplation is undoubtedly the best entertainment of peace, and only a shorter cut to heaven itself: over and above that, business makes us troublesome to others and unquiet to ourselves; for the end of one appetite, or design, is the beginning of another. To say nothing of the expense of time in vexatious attendances, and the danger of competitors. Such a man, perhaps, has more friends at court than I have, a larger train, a fairer estate, more profitable offices, and more illustrious titles. But, what do I care to be overcome by men, in some cases, so long as fortune is overcome by me in all? These considerations should have been earlier, for it is too late, in the article of death, to project the happiness of life. And yet there is no age better adapted to virtue, than that which comes by

many experiments and long sufferings to the knowledge of it; for our lusts are then weak, and our judgment strong, and wisdom is the effect of time.

Some are of opinion, that we come to the knowledge of virtue by chance, (which were an indignity). Others by observation, and comparing matters of fact one with another; the understanding, by a kind of analogy, approving this, or that, for good and honest. These are two points, which others make wholly different; but the Stoics only divide them. Some will have every thing to be good that is beneficial to us; as money, wine, and so lower, to the meanest things we use. And they reckon that to be honest, where there is a reasonable discharge of a common duty: as reverence to a parent, tenderness to a friend, the exposing of ourselves for our country, and the regulating of our lives according to moderation and prudence. The Stoics reckon them to be two, but so as to make those two yet out of one. They will have nothing to be good but what is honest; nor any thing to be honest but that which is good; so that, in some sort, they are mixed and inseparable. There are some things that are neither good nor bad, as war, embassy, jurisdiction; but these, in the laudable administration of them, do, of doubtful become good, which good is only a conse-

quent upon honesty; but honesty is good in itself, and the other flows from it. There are some actions that seem to us matter of benignity, humanity, generosity, resolution, which we are apt to admire as perfect, and yet, upon farther examination, we find that great vices were concealed under the resemblance of eminent virtues. Glorious actions are the images of virtue, but yet many things seem to be good, that are evil; and evil, that are good; and the skill is to distinguish betwixt things that are so much alike in shew, and so disagreeing in effect. We are led to the understanding of virtue by the congruity we find in such and such actions to nature and right reason, by the order, grace, and constancy of them, and by a certain majesty and greatness, that surpasses all other things. From hence proceeds a happy life, to which nothing comes amiss; but, on the contrary, every thing succeeds to our very wish. There is no wrangling with fortune, no being out of humour for accidents; whatsoever befals me in my lot, and whether in appearance it be good or bad, it is God's pleasure, and it is my duty to bear it. When a man has once gotten a habit of virtue, all his actions are equal; he is constantly one and the same man, and he does well, not only upon counsel, but out of custom too. Shall I tell you now, in a word, the sum of human duty? patience, where

we are to suffer; and prudence in things we do. It is a frequent complaint in the world, that the things we enjoy are but few, transitory, and uncertain; so ungrateful a construction do we make of the divine bounty. Hence it is, that we are neither willing to die, nor contented to live; betwixt the fear of the one, and the detestation of the other. Hence it is that we are perpetually shifting of counsels, and still craving of more; because that which we call felicity is not able to fill us. And what is the reason, but that we are not yet come to that immense and insuperable good, which leaves us nothing farther to desire? In that blessed estate we feel no want, we are abundantly pleased with what we have, and what we have not, we do not regard; so that every thing is great, because it is sufficient. If we quit this hold, there will be no place for the offices of faith and piety; in the discharge whereof we must both suffer many things that the world calls evil, and part with many things which are commonly accounted good. True joy is everlasting, pleasures are false and fugitive. It is a great encouragement to well-doing, that when we are once in the possession of virtue, it is our own for ever. While I speak this to you, I prescribe to myself, what I write, I read; and reduce all my meditations to the ordering of my own manners. There is nothing so mean and ordinary, but it is

Sick eyes will not endure the light.

illustrated by virtue; and externals are no more use to it than the light of a candle to the glory of the sun.

It is often objected to me, that I advise people to quit the world, to retire, and content themselves with a good conscience. But, what becomes of your precepts then, (say they) that enjoin us to die in action? To whom I must answer—that I am never more in action than when I am alone in my study; where I have only locked up myself in private, to attend the business of the public. I do not lose so much as one day; nay, and part of the night too I borrow for my book. When my eyes will serve me no longer, I fall asleep; and, until then I work. I have retired myself, not only from men, but from business also: and my own, in the first place, to attend the service of posterity, in hope that what I now write, may, in some measure, be profitable to future generations.

But it is no new thing, I know, to calumniate virtue and good men, for sick eyes will not endure the light, but, like birds of night, they fly from it into their holes. Why does such a man talk so much of his philosophy, and yet live in magnificence? Of contemning riches, life, health, and yet cherish and maintain them with the greatest care imaginable. Banishment, he says, is but an idle name; and yet he can grow old

within his own walls. He puts no difference betwixt a long life and short one, and yet he spins out his own as far as it will go. The thing is this, he does not contemn temporary blessings, so as to refuse, or drive them away; but if they come they are welcome, if not, he will never break his heart for the want of them; he takes them into his house, not into his soul; and he makes use of them only as matter for his virtue to work upon. There is no doubt but a wise man may shew himself better in riches than in poverty: that is to say, his temperance, his liberality, his magnificence, providence, and prudence, will be more conspicuous. He will be a wise man still, if he should want a leg, or an arm, but yet he had rather be perfect. He is pleased at wealth, as he would be at sea, with a fair wind; or with a glance of the warm sun in a frosty morning; so that the things which we call indifferent, are not yet without their value, and some greater than others. But, with this difference, betwixt the philosophers and the common people, riches are the servants of the one, and the masters of the other. From the one, if they depart, they carry away nothing but themselves; but from the other they take away the very heart and peace of the possessor along with them. It is true, that if I might have my choice, I would have health and strength; and yet, if I

come to be visited with pain, or sickness, I would endeavour to improve them to my advantage, by making a righteous judgment of them; as I ought to do of all the appointments of Providence. So that as they are not good in themselves, neither are they evil, but matter of exercise for our virtues; of temperance on the one hand, and of resignation on the other.

OF IMPERTINENT STUDIES AND IMPERTINENT MEN.

He that duly considers the business of life and death, will find that he has little time to spare from that study; and yet how we trifle away our hours upon impertinent niceties and cavils! Will Plato's imaginary ideas make me an honest man? There is neither certainty in them, nor substance. A mouse is a syllable, but a syllable does not eat cheese; therefore a mouse does not eat cheese. Oh! these childish follies! is it for this that we spend our blood and our good humour, and grow grey in our closets? We are a jesting, when we should be helping the miserable; as well ourselves as others. There is no sporting with men in distress. The felicity of mankind depends upon the counsel of philosophers. Let us rather consider what nature has made superfluous, and what necessary; how easy our conditions are, and how delicious that life, which is governed by

reason rather than opinion. There are impertinent studies, as well as impertinent men. Didymus, the grammarian, wrote 4000 books, wherein he is much concerned to discover where Homer was born, who was Æneas's true mother, and whether Anacreon was the greater whoremaster or drunkard; with other fopperies, that a man would labour to forget, if he knew them. Is it not an important question, which of the two was first, the mallet, or the tongues? Some people are extremely inquisitive, to know how many oars Ulysses had; which was first written, the Iliads, or the Odyssies; or if they were both done by the same hand. A man is never a jot the more learned for this curiosity, but much the more troublesome. Am I ever the more just, the more moderate, valiant, or liberal, for knowing that Curius Dentatus was the first that carried elephants in triumphs? Teach me my duty to Providence, to my neighbour, and to myself; to dispute with Socrates, to doubt with Carneades, to set up my rest with Epicurus, to master my appetites with the Stoics, and to renounce the world with the Cynic. What a deal of business there is, first, to make Homer a philosopher; and, secondly, in what classis to range him? One will have him to be a Stoic, a friend to virtue, and an enemy to pleasure, preferring honesty even to immortality itself; another

makes him an Epicurean, one that loves his quiet, and to spend his time in good company; some are positive in it, that he was a peripatetic, and others that he was a sceptic. But it is clear, that in being all these things, he was not any one of them. These divided opinions do not at all hinder us from agreeing upon the main, that he was a wise man. Let us, therefore, apply ourselves to those things that made him so, and even let the rest alone.

It was a pleasant humour of Calvicius Sabinus, a rich man, and one that managed a very good fortune with a very ill grace. He had neither wit nor memory, but would fain pass for a learned man, and so took several into his family, and whatsoever they knew, he assumed to himself. There are a sort of people, that are never well, but at theatres, spectacles, and public places; men of business, but it is only in their faces, for they wander up and down without any design; like pismires, eager and empty, and every thing they do is only as it happens. This is an humour which a man may call a kind of restless laziness. Others you shall have, that are perpetually in haste, as they were crying fire, or running for a midwife; and all this hurry, perhaps, only to salute somebody, that has no mind to take notice of them, or some such trivial errand. At night, when they come home tired and weary, ask them

why they went out? where they have been? and what they have done? it is a very slender account they are able to give you; and yet, the very next day they take the same jaunt over again: this is a kind of fantastical industry, a great deal of pains taken to no purpose at all. Twenty visits made and nobody at home (they themselves least of all); they that have this vice, are commonly hearkeners, talebearers, newsmongers, medlers in other people's affairs, and curious after secrets, which a man can neither safely hear, nor report. These men of idle employment, that run up and down, eternally vexing others, and themselves too; that thrust themselves into all companies, what do they get by it? one man's asleep, another at supper, a third in company, a fourth in haste, a fifth gives them the slip; and when their folly has gone the round, they close up the day with shame and repentance. Whereas Zeno, Pythagoras, Democritus, Aristotle, Theophrastus, and all the patrons of philosophy and virtue, they are always at leisure, and in good humour, familiar, profitable; a man never comes away empty-handed from them, but full of comfort and satisfaction; they make all past ages present to us, or us their contemporaries. The doors of these men are open night and day, and in their conversation there is neither danger, treachery, nor expense; but we are

the wiser, the happier, and the richer for it. How blessedly does a man spend his time in this company, where he may advise in all the difficulties of life? here is counsel without reproach, and praise without flattery. We cannot be the chusers of our own parents, but of our friends we may, and adopt ourselves into these noble families. This is the way of making mortality in a manner to be immortal; the time past we make to be our own by remembrance, the present by use, and the future by Providence and foresight. That only may properly be said to be the long life, that draws all ages into one; and that a short one, that forgets the past, neglects the present, and is solicitous for the time to come. But it is not yet sufficient to know what Plato, or Zeno said, unless we make it all our own by habit and practice, and improve both the world and ourselves by an example of life answerable to their precepts.

AGAINST SINGULARITY OF MANNERS, AND BEHAVIOUR.

It is the humour of many people, to be singular in their dress and manner of life, only to the end that they may be taken notice of. Their cloaths, forsooth, must be coarse and slovenly; their heads and beards neglected, their lodgings upon the ground, and they live in an open defi-

ance of money. What is all this, upon the whole matter, but an ambitious vanity, that has crept in at the back-door? A wise man will keep himself clear of all these fooleries, without disturbing public customs, or making himself a gazing-stock to the people. But, will this secure him, think you? I can no more warrant it, than that a temperate man shall have his health; but it is very probable that it may. A philosopher has enough to do to stand right in the world, let him be ever so modest; and his outside shall be still like that of other people, let them be ever so unlike within. His garments shall be neither rich nor sordid. No matter for arms, mottoes, and other curiosities upon his plate; but he shall not yet make it a matter of conscience to have no plate at all. He that likes an earthen vessel as well as a silver, has not a greater mind than he that uses plate, and reckons it as dirt. It is our duty to live better than the common people, but not in opposition to them, as if philosophy were a faction; for by so doing, instead of reforming and gaining upon them, we drive them away; and when they find it unreasonable to imitate us in all things, they will follow us in nothing. Our business must be to live according to nature, and to own the sense of outward things with other people: not to torment the body, and, with exclamations against that which is sweet and clean-

ly, to delight in nastiness, and to use, not only a coarse, but a sluttish and offensive diet. Wisdom preaches temperance, not mortification; and a man may be a very good husband, without being a sloven. He that steers a middle course, betwixt virtue and popularity; that is to say, betwixt good manners and discretion, shall gain both approbation and reverence. But, what if a man governs himself in his cloaths, in his diet, in his exercises, as he ought to do? It is not that his garments, his meat, and drink, or his walking, are things simply good, but it is the tenor of a man's life, and the conformity of it to nature and right reason. Philosophy obliges us to humanity, society, and the ordinary use of external things. It is not a thing to pleasure the people with, or to entertain an idle hour, but a study for the forming of the mind, and the guidance of human life. And a wise man should also live as he discourses, and in all points be like himself; and, in the first place, set a value upon himself, before he can pretend to become valuable to others. As well our good deeds, as our evil, come home to us at last; he that is charitable, makes others so by his example, and finds the comfort of that charity when he wants it himself. He that is cruel, seldom finds mercy. It is a hard matter for a man to be both popular and virtuous; for he must be like the people that

would oblige them; and the kindness of dishonest men is not to be acquired by honest means. He lives by reason, not by custom; he shuns the very conversation of the intemperate and ambitious. He knows the danger of great examples of wickedness, and that public errors impose upon the world, under the authority of precedents; for they take for granted, that they are never out of the way, so long as they keep the road.

We are beset with dangers, and therefore a wise man should have his virtues in continual readiness to encounter them. Whether poverty, loss of friends, pains, sickness, or the like, he still maintains his post: whereas a fool is surprised at every thing, and afraid of his very succours; either he makes no resistance at all, or he does it by halves. He will neither take advice from others, nor look to himself: he reckons upon philosophy as a thing not worth his time; and if he can but get the reputation of a good man among the common people, he takes no further care, but accounts that he has done his duty.

THE BLESSINGS OF A VIGOROUS MIND.

WHEN I call Claranus my school-fellow, I need not say any thing more of his age, having told you that he and I were contemporaries. You

would not imagine how green and vigorous his mind is, and the perpetual conflict that it has with his body. They were naturally ill-matched, unless to shew that a generous spirit may be lodged under any shape. He has surmounted all difficulties, and, from the contempt of himself, is advanced to the contempt of all things else. When I consider him well, methinks his body appears to me as fair as his mind. If nature could have brought the soul naked into the world, perhaps she would have done it; but yet she does a greater thing, in exalting that soul above all impediments of the flesh. It is a great happiness, to preserve the force of the mind in the decay of the body; and to see the loss of appetite more than requited with the love of virtue. But, whether I owe this comfort to my age, or to wisdom, is the question. And whether, if I could any longer, I would not still do the same things over again, which I ought not to do. If age had no other pleasure than this, that it neither cares for any thing, nor stands in need of any thing, it were a great one to me, to have left all my painful and troublesome lusts behind me. But, it is uneasy, you will say, to be always in fear of death. As if that apprehension did not concern a young man as well as an old, or that death only called us according to our years. I am, however, beholden to my old age,

that has now confined me to my bed, and put me out of condition of doing those things any longer which I should not do. The less my mind has to do with my body, the better. And if age puts an end to my desires, and does the business of virtue, there can be no cause of complaint; nor can there be any gentler end, than to melt away in a kind of dissolution. Where fire meets with opposition, and matter to work upon, it is furious, and rages; but where it finds no fuel, as in old age, it goes out quietly, for want of nourishment. Nor is the body the settled habitation of the mind, but a temporary lodging, which we are to leave whensoever the master of the house pleases. Neither does the soul, when it has left the body, any more care what becomes of the carcase, and the several parts of it, than a man does for the shavings of his beard under the hand of the barber. There is not any thing exposes a man to more vexation and reproach, than the overmuch love of the body: for sense neither looks forward nor backward, but only upon the present; nor does it judge of good or evil, or foresee consequences which give a connection to the order and series of things, and to the unity of life. Not but that every man has naturally a love for his own carcase, as poor people love even their own beggarly cottages; they are old acquaintances, and loth to part: and I am not against the in-

Our hopes, avarice, and ambition, are boundless.

dulging of it either, provided that I make not myself a slave to it; for he that serves it has many masters. Beside that, we are in continual disorder, one while with gripes, pains in the head, tooth-ach, gout, stone, defluxions; sometimes with too much blood, other while with too little; and yet this frail and putrid carcase of ours, values itself as if it were immortal. We put no bounds to our hopes, our avarice, our ambition. The same man is Vatinius to-day, and Cato to-morrow; this hour as luxurious as Apicius, and the next as temperate as Tubero; now for a mistress, by and by for a wife; imperious this hour, servile the next; thrifty and prodigal, laborious and voluptuous, by turns. But still the goods, or the ills of the body, do but concern the body, (which is peevish, sour, and anxious,) without any effect upon a well-composed mind. I was the other day at my villa, and complaining of my charge of repairs. My bailiff told me—"It was none of his fault, for the house was old, and he had much ado to keep it from falling upon his head." Well, thought I, and what am I myself then, that saw the laying of the first stone? In the gardens I found the trees as much out of order, the boughs knotted and withered, and their bodies over-run with moss. "This would not have been," said I, "if you had trenched them, and watered them, as you should have

Time goes faster with the old than young.

done."—"By my soul, master," says the poor fellow, "I have done what I could, but, alas! they are all dotards, and spent." What am I then (thought I to myself), that planted all these trees with my own hands? And then I come to bethink myself that age is not yet without its pleasures, if we did but know how to use them, and that the best morsel is reserved for the last; or, at worst, it is equivalent to the enjoying of pleasures, not to stand in need of any. It is but yesterday, methinks, that I went to school. But time goes faster with an old man than with a young; perhaps because he reckons more upon it. There is hardly any man so old, but he may hope for one day more yet; and the longest life is but a multiplication of days, nay, of hours, nay, of moments. Our fate is set, and the first breath we draw is but the first step toward our last. One cause depends upon another; and the course of all things, public and private, is only a long connection of providential appointments. There is great variety in our lives, but all tends to the same issue. Nature may use her own bodies as she pleases; but a good man has this consolation, that nothing perishes that he can call his own. What must be, shall be; and that which is a necessity to him that struggles, is little more than choice to him that is willing. It is

bitter to be forced to any thing; but things are easy, when they are complied with.

CUSTOM IS A GREAT MATTER, EITHER IN GOOD, OR EVIL.

THERE is nothing so hard, but custom makes it easy to us. There are some that never laughed, others that wholly abstain from wine and women, and almost from sleep. Much use of a coach makes us lose the benefit of our legs; so that we must be infirm to be in the fashion, and at last lose the very faculty of walking by disusing it. Some are so plunged in pleasures, that they cannot live without them: and in this they are most miserable; that what was, at first, but superfluous, is now become necessary. But their infelicity seems to be then consummate, and incurable, when sensuality has laid hold of the judgment, and wickedness is become a habit. Nay, some there are, that both hate and persecute virtue; and that is the last act of desperation. It is much easier to check our passions in the beginning, than to stop them in their course; for if reason could not hinder us at first, they will go on in despite of us. The Stoics will not allow a wise man to have any passions at all. The Peripatetics temper them, but that mediocrity is altogether false and unprofitable. And it is all

one, as if they said, that we may be a little mad, or a little sick. If we give any sort of allowance to sorrow, fear, desires, perturbations, it will not be in our power to restrain them. They are fed from abroad, and will increase with their causes. And if we yield ever so little to them, the least disorder works upon the whole body. It is not my purpose, all this while, wholly to take away any thing that is either necessary, beneficial, or delightful, to human life, but to take that away which may be vicious in it. When I forbid you to desire any thing, I am yet content that you may be willing to have it. So that I permit you the same things; and those very pleasures will have a better relish too, when they are enjoyed with anxiety, and when you come to command those appetites which before you served. It is natural, you will say, to weep for the loss of a friend; to be moved at the sense of a good or ill report, and to be sad in adversity. All this I will grant you; and there is no vice, but something may be said for it. At first, it is tractable and modest, but, if we give it entrance, we shall hardly get it out again; as it goes on, it gathers strength, and becomes quickly ungovernable. It cannot be denied, but that all affections flow from a kind of natural principle, and that it is our duty to take care of ourselves; but it is then our duty also, not to be over in-

dulgent. Nature has mingled pleasures even with things most necessary; not that we should value them for their own sakes, but to make those things which we cannot live without to be more acceptable to us. If we esteem the pleasure for itself, it turns to luxury; it is not the business of nature to raise hunger or thirst, but to extinguish them.

As there are some natural frailties, that by care and industry may be overcome, so there are others that are invincible: as for a man that values not his own blood, to swoon at the sight of another man's. Involuntary motions are insuperable and inevitable, as the starting of the hair at ill news, blushing at a scurrilous discourse, swimming of the head upon the sight of a precipice, &c. Who can read the story of Clodius's expelling Cicero, and Anthony's killing of him, the cruelties of Marius, and the proscriptions of Sylla, without being moved at it? The sound of a trumpet, the picture of any thing that is horrid, the spectacle of an execution, strikes the mind, and works upon the imagination. Some people are strangely subject to sweat, to tremble, to stammer, their very teeth will chatter in their heads, and their lips quiver, and especially in public assemblies. These are natural infirmities, and it is not all the resolution in the world that can ever master them. Some redden when they

angry; Sylla was one of those, and when the blood flushed into his face, you might be sure he had malice in his heart. Pompey, on the other side, (that hardly ever spake in public without a blush) had a wonderful sweetness of nature, and it did exceedingly well with him. Your comedians will represent fear, sadness, anger, and the like, but when they come to a bashful modesty, though they will give you humbleness of looks, softness of speech, and downcast eyes, to the very life, yet they can never come to express a blush; for it is a thing neither to be commanded, nor hindered; but it comes and goes of its own accord. The course of nature is smooth and easy, but when we come to cross it, we strive against the stream. It is not for one man to act another's part; for nature will quickly return, and take off the mask. There is a kind of sacred instinct that moves us. Even the worst have a sense of virtue. We are not so much ignorant as careless. Whence comes it, that grazing beasts distinguish salutary plants from deadly? A chicken is afraid of a kite, and not of a goose, or peacock, which is much bigger: a bird of a cat, and not of a dog. This is impulse, and not experiment. The cells of bees, and the webs of spiders, are not to be imitated by art, but it is nature that teaches them. The stage-player has his actions and gestures in readiness, but this is

only an improvement by art, of what nature teaches them; who is never at a loss for the use of herself. We come into the world with this knowledge, and we have it by a natural institution, which is no other than a natural logic. We brought the seeds of wisdom itself. There is the goodness of God and that of man; the one is immortal, the other mortal; nature perfects the one, and study the other.

WE ARE DIVIDED IN OURSELVES, AND CONFOUND GOOD AND EVIL.

It is no wonder that men are generally very much unsatisfied with the world, when there is not one man of a thousand that agrees with himself, and that is the root of our misery; only we are willing to charge our own vices upon the malignity of fortune. Either we are puffed up with pride, racked with desires, dissolved in pleasures, or blasted with cares; and which perfects our unhappiness, we are never alone, but in perpetual conflict and controversy with our lusts. We are startled at all accidents. We boggle at our own shadows, and fright one another. Lucretius says, that we are as much afraid in the light, as children in the dark; but I say, that we are altogether in darkness, without any light at all, and we run on blindfold, without so much as groping out our way; which rashness in the

Let every man examine his desires.

dark, is the worst sort of madness. He that is in his way, is in hope of cōming to his journey's end, but error is endless. Let every man, therefore, examine his desires, whether they be according to rectified nature or not. That man's mind can never be right, whose actions disagree. We must not live by chance, for there can be no virtue without deliberation and election. And, where we cannot be certain, let us follow that which is most hopeful and probable. Faith, justice, piety, fortitude, prudence, are venerable, and the possessions only of good men; but a plentiful estate, a brawny arm, and a firm body, are many times the portion of the wicked. The perfection of human nature is that state which supports itself, and so is out of the fear of falling. It is a great weakness for a man to value himself upon any thing wherein he shall be outdone by fools and beasts. We are to consider health, strength, beauty, and other advantages of that kind, as only adventitious comforts: we may preserve them with care, provided that we be always ready to quiet them without trouble. There is a pleasure in wickedness, as well as in virtue, and there are those that take a glory in it too; wherefore our forefathers prescribed us the best life, and not the most plentiful; and allowed us pleasure for a companion, but not for a guide. We do many times take the instruments of happi-

There are not many that know their own minds.

ness for the happiness itself, and rest upon those matters that are but in the way to it. That man only lives composed, who thinks of every thing that may happen before he feels it. But this is not yet to advise either neglect or indifference, for I would avoid any thing that may hurt me, where I may honourably do it. But yet I would consider the worst of things before hand. Examine the hope and the fear, and, where things are uncertain, favour yourself, and believe that which you had rather should come to pass. There are not many men that know their own minds, but in the very instant of willing any thing. We are for one thing to-day, another to-morrow, so that we live and die without coming to any resolution: still seeking that elsewhere which we may give ourselves; that is to say, a good mind. And, in truth, we do persuade ourselves that, in several cases, we do desire the thing, which effectually we do not desire. And all this for want of laying down some certain principles, to make judgment inflexible and steady. When we do any evil, it is either for fear of greater evil, or in hope of such a good as may more than balance that evil. So that we are here distracted betwixt the duty of finishing our purpose, and the fear of mischief and danger. This infirmity must be discharged. In the pursuit of pleasures, we should take notice, that there are not only sensual, but

sad pleasures also, which transport the mind with adoration (though they do not tickle the senses), give us a veneration for those virtues that exercise themselves in sweat and blood. All true goods hold an affinity and friendship one with another, and they are equal; but false ones have in them much of vanity, they are large and specious to the eye, but upon examination they want weight. Now, though virtues are all alike, they may yet be distinguished into desirable and admirable; virtues of patience, and of delight: but, in the matter of common accidents, there is not any thing which is truly worthy, either of our joy, or of our fear. For reason is immovable, does not serve, but command our senses. What is pleasure, but a low and brutish thing? glory is vain and volatile; poverty only hard to him that does not resist it; superstition is a frantic error, that fears where it should love, and rudely invades where it should reverentially worship. Death itself is no evil at all, but the common benefit and right of nature. There is a great difference betwixt those things which are good in common opinion, and those which are so in truth and effect: the former have the name of good things, but not the propriety; they may befal us, but they do not stick to us; and they may be taken away without either pain to us, or diminution. We may use them, but not trust in

them; for they are only deposited, and they must, and will forsake us. The only treasure is that which fortune has no power over, and the greater it is, the less envy it carries along with it. Let our vices die before us, and let us discharge ourselves of our dear-bought pleasures, that hurt us, as well past, as to come, for they are followed with repentance, as well as our sins. There is neither substance in them, nor truth, for a man can never be weary of truth, but there is a satiety in error. The former is always the same, but the latter is various; and if a man looks near it, he may see through it. Beside that, the possessions of a wise man are maintained with ease. He has no need of ambassadors, armies, and castles, but, like God himself, he does his business without either noise or tumult. Nay, there is something so venerable and sacred in virtue, that if we do but meet with any thing like it, the very counterfeit pleases us. By the help of philosophy the soul gives the slip to the body, and refreshes itself in heaven. Pleasures, at best, are but short-lived, but the delights of virtue are secure and perpetual. Only we must watch, labour, and attend it ourselves. For it is a business not to be done by a deputy. Nor is it properly a virtue, to be a little better than the worst. Will any man boast of his eyes because they tell him that the sun shines? Neither is he

The lewdest part of our corruptions is in private.

presently a good man, that thinks ill of the bad. For wicked men do that too; and it is, perhaps, the greatest punishment of sin, the displeasure that it gives to the author of it. The saddest case of all is, when we become enamoured of our ruin, and make wickedness our study; when vice has got a reputation, and when the dissolute have lost the only good thing they had in their excesses, the shame of offending. And yet, the lewdest part of our corruptions is in private, which, if any body had looked on, we should never have committed. Wherefore, let us bear in our minds the idea of some great person, for whom we have an awful respect, and his authority will even consecrate the very secret of our souls, and make us not only mend our manners, and purify our very thoughts, but in good time render us exemplary to others, and venerable to ourselves. If Scipio, or Lælius, were but in our eye, we should not dare to transgress. Why do we not make ourselves then such persons, as in whose presence we dare not offend.

WE ARE MOVED AT THE NOVELTY OF THINGS FOR WANT OF UNDERSTANDING THE REASON OF THEM.

THE whole subject of natural philosophy falls under these three heads, the heavens, the air, and the earth. The first treats of the nature of

the stars, their form and magnitude; the substance of the heavens, whether solid or not, and whether they move of themselves, or be moved by any thing else; whether the stars be below them, or fixed in their orbs; in what manner the sun divides the seasons of the year, and the like. The second part enquires into the reason of things betwixt the heavens and the earth, as clouds, rain, snow, thunder, and whatsoever the air either does or suffers. The third handles matters that have a regard to the earth, as the difference of soils, minerals, metals, plants, groves, &c. But these are considerations wholly foreign to our purpose, in the nature of them, though they may be of very proper and pertinent application. There is not any man so brutal, and so groveling upon the earth, but his soul is roused, and carried up to higher matters and thoughts, upon the appearance of any new light from heaven. What can be more worthy of admiration than the sun and the stars, in their courses and glory? and yet, so long as nature goes on in her ordinary way, there is nobody takes notice of them; but when any thing falls out beyond expectation and custom, what a gazing, pointing, and questioning, is there presently about it! the people gather together, and are at their wits end; not so much at the importance of the matter, as at the novelty. Every

meteor sets people agog, to know the meaning of it, and what it portends, and whether it be a star, or a prodigy; so that it is worth the while to enquire into the nature and philosophy of these lights (though not the business of this place), that by discovering the reason, we may overcome the apprehension of them. There are many things which we know to be, and yet we know nothing at all of what they are. Is it not the mind that moves us, and restrains us? but what that ruling power is, we do no more understand, than we know where it is. One will have it to be a spirit, another will have it to be a divine power, some only a subtile air, others an incorporeal being, and some again will have it to be only blood and heat. Nay, so far is the mind from a perfect understanding of other things, that it is still in search of itself. It is not long since we came to find out the causes of eclipses, and farther experience will bring more things to light, which are as yet in the dark; but one age is not sufficient for so many discoveries. It must be the work of successions, and posterity; and the time will come, when we shall wonder that mankind should be so long ignorant of things, that lay so open and so easy to be made known. Truth is offered to all, but we must yet content ourselves with what is already found, and leave some truths to be retrieved by after-ages. The exact truth

of things is only known to God; but it is yet lawful for us to enquire, and to conjecture, though not with too much confidence, nor yet altogether without hope. In the first place, however, let us learn things necessary, and, if we have any time to spare, we may apply it to superfluities.

Why do we trouble ourselves about things which possibly may happen, and peradventure not? Let us rather provide against those dangers that watch us, and lie in wait for us. To suffer shipwreck, or to be crushed with the ruin of a house, these are great misfortunes, but they seldom happen. The deadly, and the hourly danger that threatens human life, is from one man to another. Other calamities do commonly give us some warning: the smoke gives notice of a fire, the clouds bid us provide for a storm, but human malice has no prognostic; and the nearer it is, the fairer it looks. There is no trust to the countenance, we carry the shapes of men, and the hearts of beasts. Nay, we are worse than beasts; for a beast has only no reason at all; but the other is perverted, and turns his reason to mischief. Beside that, all the hurt which they do is out of fear, or hunger; but man takes delight in destroying his own kind. From the danger we are in from men, we may consider our duty to them, and take care that we neither do, nor suffer wrong. It is but human, to be trou-

bled at the misfortunes of another, and to rejoice at his prosperity. And it is likewise prudent to bethink ourselves what we are to do, and what we are to avoid; by which means we may keep ourselves from being either harmed, or deceived. The things that most provoke one man to do hurt to another, are hope, envy, hatred, fear, and contempt; but contempt is the slightest. Nay, many men have betaken themselves to it for their security. There is no doubt, but he that is contemned shall be trod upon; but then his enemy passes over him as not worth his anger.

EVERY MAN IS THE ARTIFICER OF HIS OWN FORTUNE.—OF JUSTICE AND INJUSTICE.

THE short of the question, betwixt you and me, is this—Whether a man had better part with himself, or something else that belongs to him? And it is easily resolved in all competitions betwixt the goods of sense and fortune, and those of honour and conscience. Those things which all men covet, are but specious outsides, and there is nothing in them of substantial satisfaction. Nor is there any thing so hard and terrible in the contrary, as the vulgar imagine; only the word calamity has an ill reputation in the world, and the very name is more grievous than the thing itself. What have I to complain of, if I can turn that to happiness, which others count

a misery? A wise man either repels, or elects, as he sees the matter before him, without fearing the ill which he rejects, or admiring what he chuses. He is never surprised, but in the midst of plenty he prepares for poverty; as a prudent prince does for war, in the depth of peace. Our condition is good enough, if we make the best of it; and our felicity is in our own power. Things that are adventitious, have no effect upon him that studies to make sure of his happiness within himself. Every man should stand upon his guard against fortune, and take most heed to himself when she speaks him fairest. All the advantage she gets upon us is at unawares; whereas he that is provided for her, and stands the first shock, carries the day. It is not with common accidents of life, as with fire and sword, that burn and cut all alike; but misfortunes work more or less, according to the weakness or resolution of the patient. He that grieves for the loss of casual comforts, shall never want occasion of sorrow. We say, commonly—that every man has his weak side: but give me leave to tell you, that he that masters one vice, may master all the rest. He that subdues avarice, may conquer ambition. It is not for philosophy to excuse vices. The patient has little hope of health, when the physician prescribes intemperance: though I know, on the other side, that he that does any thing above the

ordinary, does but set himself up for a mark to malevolence and envy. Where laws are neglected, corruptions must inevitably be introduced: for the authority of virtue is shaken. And what are laws, but only precepts mingled with threats? With this difference, that the former deter us from wickedness, and the latter advise us to virtue. A preamble, methinks, derogates from the honour of a law, which ought to be short and clear; and to command, without suffering any expostulation. It is a flat, and an idle thing, a law with a prologue. Let me only be told my duty, and I am not to dispute, but to obey.

If I have not acquitted myself of my last promise to you, know, that in all promises there is a tacit reserve—if I can, if I ought, or if things continue in the same state: so that by the change of circumstances I am discharged of my obligation. I know very well the bonds of justice, and yet the practices of the world to the contrary. There are no greater exacters of faith than the perfidious; no greater persecutors of falsehood, than the perjurious. He that loves his neighbour's wife, and for that very reason, because she is another man's, locks up his own. The wickedness of other men we have always in our eye, but we cast our own over our shoulders. A worse father chastises a better son: he that denies nothing to his own luxury, will pardon

nothing in another man's. A tyrant is offended at bloodshed, the sacrilegious punishes theft, and the greater part of the world quarrels rather with the offender, than with the offence. It is very rare, that either the joy or the benefit of an estate, injuriously gotten, continues long. Men go together by the ears about the booty, and we pay dear for things of little value. We live and die, lugging one another, breaking one another's rest, and our lives are without fruit, and without pleasure. Justice is a natural principle. I must live thus with my friend, thus with my fellow-citizen, thus with my companion; and why? because it is just, not for design or reward; for it is virtue itself, and nothing else, that pleases us. There is no law extant for keeping the secrets of a friend, or for not breaking faith with an enemy. And yet there is just cause of complaint, if a body betrays a trust. If a wicked man call upon me for money that I owe him, I will make no scruple of pouring it into the lap of a common prostitute, if she be appointed to receive it. For my business is to return the money, not to order him how he shall dispose of it. I must pay it to a good man when it is expedient, and to a bad when he calls for it.

Some too communicative, and some too reserved.

OF TRUST IN FRIENDSHIP, PRAYER, AND BODILY EXERCISE.

THERE are some people, that if any thing goes cross with them, though of a quality only fit for the ear of a friend, out it goes at a venture to the next comer: others again are so suspicious, and so obstinately close, that they will rather perish than trust the best friend they have with it: they are, both of them, in the wrong; only the one is the better-natured error, and the other the safer. Now, as to the trust of a friend, there are many innocent things which in their own nature may seem to be privacies, and which custom has ever reputed so; in which cases, there is place enough for the offices of friendship, in the mutual communication of our most secret cares and counsels. But yet, we are so to govern ourselves, that even an enemy should not turn our actions to reproach. For an honest man lives not to the world, but to his own conscience. There is a certain softness of nature and spirit that steals upon a man, and, like wine, or love, draws all things from him. No man will either conceal, or tell, all that he hears. But he that tells the thing, will hardly conceal the author: so that it passes from one to another, and that

which was at first a secret, does presently become a rumour. For this, and for many other reasons, we should set a watch upon our lips, and attend the more useful and necessary work of contemplation. The first petition that we are to make to God Almighty, is for a good conscience; the second, for health of mind, and then of body. There are some things which we directly wish for, as joy, peace, and the like; some that we pray for only in case of necessity, as patience in pain, or sickness, &c. Others that concern our external behaviour, as modesty of countenance, decency of motion, and such a demeanor as may become a prudent man. Many things may be commodious; that is to say, they may be of more use than trouble, and yet not simply good. Some things we have for exercise, others for instruction and delight. These things belong to us only as we are men, but not as we are good men. Some things serve to correct and regulate our manners, others to enquire into the nature and original of them. How shall we know what a man is to do, if we do not search into his nature, and find out what is best for him, and what he is to avoid, and what to pursue? Humanity not only keeps us from being proud and covetous, but it makes us affable and gentle, in our words, actions, and affections. We have no precepts from the liberal arts, neither for this, nor for

sincerity, integrity of manners, modesty, frugality, no nor for clemency itself, which makes us as tender of another's blood as of our own, and distinguishes men in society from beasts of prey. Some people are ever complaining of the iniquity of the times: but let no man depend upon the goodness of his cause, but rather upon the firmness of his courage; there may be force, or bribery; I would hope the best, but prepare for the worst. What if I have served an ungrateful interest, and suffered wrongfully? An honest man is more troubled for the injustice of a severe sentence, than for the cruelty of it; and that his country has done an ill thing, rather than that he himself suffers it. If he be banished, the shame is not his, but the authors of it. He tempers his delights and his afflictions, and says to himself—that if our joys cannot be long, neither will our sorrows. He is patient in his own misfortunes, without envy at the advantages of his neighbour. His virtue is bolder in the opposition of ill things, than tyranny itself can be in the imposing of them. This is rather to tell you what you do already, than what you should do. Go on, as you have begun, and make haste to be perfect: but take notice, that the mind is to be now and then unbent; a glass of wine, a journey, a mouthful of fresh air, relieves it; but then there is a difference betwixt a remission and

a dissolution. Without exercise a dull humour invades us, and it is remarkable, that men of brawny arms, and broad shoulders, have commonly weak souls. Some exercises are short and gentle, and set the body right presently. But, whatever we do, let us return quickly to the mind, for that must not lie idle. A little labour serves it, and it works in all seasons; in summer, winter, old age, nothing hinders it. And, to make it more valuable, it is every day better than other. Not that I would have you perpetually poring upon a book either, but allow yourself seasonable respites, and to it again. A coach, or a walk, does your body good, without interrupting your study; for you may discourse, dictate, read, hear, at the same time. Now, though the exercise be laudable and healthful, yet the masters of them are, for the most part, of lewd example. They divide their lives betwixt the tavern and the hot-house; and a swimming debauch is a good day's work with them. But, how apt are we to set bounds to others, and none to ourselves; and to observe their warts, when our own bodies are covered with ulcers! What is more ordinary, than for people to reverence and detest the fortunate, at the same time, even for doing those things which they themselves would do, if they could? There might be some hope of amendment, if we would but confess our

faults; as a man must be awake that tells his dream. There are some diseases which are absolutely hopeless and past cure, but they may yet be palliated; and philosophy, if it cannot help in one case, it may in another. To a man in a fever, a gentle remission is a degree of health; and it is something, if a man be not perfectly sound, to be yet more curable. But we are loth to be at the pains of attending our own business; we lead the life in the world, that some lazy people do in a market, they stand gaping about them, without either buying or selling. We slip our opportunities; and if they be not catched in the very nick, they are irrecoverably lost.

THE DANGER OF FLATTERY, AND IN WHAT CASES A MAN MAY BE ALLOWED TO COMMEND HIMSELF.

DEMETRIUS was wont to say—that knavery was the ready way to riches, and that the casting off of virtue was the first step to thriving in the world. Study but the art of flattery, (which is now a-days so acceptable, that a moderate commendation passes for a libel,) study that art, I say, and you shall do your business without running any risk upon the seas, or any hazards of merchandizing, husbandry, or suits at law. There is not one man of a million that is proof against an artificial

flatterer; but something or other will stick, if we do but give him the hearing. Nay, we like him well enough, though we shake him off, and the quarrel is easily reconciled. We seem to oppose him, but we do not shut the door against him, or, if we do, it is but as a mistress will do sometime upon her servant—she would be well enough content to be hindered, and take it much better yet to have it broke open. Beside that, a man lies commonly most open where he is attacked: how shamefully are great men fawned upon by slaves, and inured to fulsome praises? when the only business of those, that call themselves friends, is to try who can most dexterously deceive his master. For want of knowing their own strength, they believe themselves as great as their parasites represent them, and venture upon broils and wars, to their irreparable destruction. They break alliances, and transport themselves into passions, which, for want of better counsels, hurry them on to blood and confusion. They pursue every wild imagination as a certainty, and think it a greater disgrace to be bent, than to be broken. They set up their rest upon the perpetuity of a tottering fortune, until they come at last to see the ruin of themselves and their possessions, and too late to understand that their misfortunes and their flatteries were of the same date. There is a sparing and a crafty flattery,

that looks like plain-dealing. But all flatteries are words of course, and he that receives them will give them. Nay, let it be ever so shameless, a man takes all to himself, though his very conscience gives him the lye. Cruelty shall be translated mercy; extortion and oppression shall be called liberality; lust and gluttony, to the highest degree in the world, shall be magnified for temperance. Now, what hope is there of his changing for the better, that values himself for the best of men already? The stroke of an arrow convinced Alexander that he was not the son of Jupiter, but a mortal man. And thus, upon the experiment of human frailty, should every man say to himself—am not I sad sometimes, and tortured betwixt hope and fear? do I not hanker after vain pleasures? He that is not yet satisfied, is not so good as he should be. The words of flatterers and parasites seldom die in the hearing, and when they have gained admittance, they grow more and more upon you, and shortly they will tell you, that virtue, philosophy, and justice, are but empty sounds; let every man live while he may, and make the best of the present, and not govern himself at a rate as if he were to keep a diary for his father: what madness is it, to enrich a man's heir, and starve himself, and to turn a friend into an enemy? For his joy will be proportioned to what you leave him: never trou-

ble yourself for these superfluous censors of other men's lives, and enemies of their own: these pedagogues of mankind are not worth your care. These are the people that draw us from our parents and country, our friends, and other necessary duties.

I would neither be deceived myself, nor deceive others; but if a man cannot live without it, let him commend himself, and say thus.—I have applied myself to liberal studies, though both the poverty of my condition, and my own reason, might rather have put me upon the making of my fortune. I have given proof, that all minds are capable of goodness, and have illustrated the obscurity of my family by the eminency of my virtue. I have preserved my faith in all extremities, and I have ventured my life for it. I have never spoken one word contrary to my conscience, and I have been more solicitous for my friends than for myself: I never made any base submissions to any man, and I have never done any thing unworthy of a resolute and of an honest man. My mind is raised so much above all danger, that I have mustered all hazards, and I bless myself in the Providence which gave me that experiment of my virtue; for it was not fit, methought, that so great glory should come cheap. Nay, I did not so much as deliberate, whether good faith should suffer for me, or I for

it. I stood my ground, without laying violent hands upon myself, to escape the rage of the powerful; though under Caligula I saw cruelties to such a degree, that to be killed outright was accounted a mercy; and yet I persisted in my honesty, to shew that I was ready to do more than die for it. My mind was never corrupted with gifts; and when the humour of avarice was at the height, I never laid my hand on any unlawful gain; I have been temperate in my diet, modest in my discourse, courteous and affable to my inferiors, and have ever paid a respect and reverence to my betters. After all, what I have said is either true or false: if true, I have commended myself before a great witness, my own conscience; if false, I am ridiculous, without any witness at all. Let every man retire into himself; for the old, the young, men, women, and children, they are all wicked. Not every one only, or a few, but there is a general conspiracy in evil. We should therefore fly the world, withdraw into ourselves, and in some sort avoid even ourselves too.

A GENERAL DISSOLUTION OF MANNERS, WITH A CENSURE OF CORRUPT MAGISTRATES.

THE corruption of the present times is the general complaint of all times: it ever has been so, and it ever will be so; not considering that the wickedness of the world is always the same, as to the degree of it, though it may change places perhaps, and vary a little in the matter. One while whoring is in fashion, another while gluttony; to-day excess in apparel, and more care of the body than of the mind; to-morrow comes up the humour of scoffing, and after that, perchance, a vein of drinking—when he shall be accounted the bravest man, that makes himself the veriest beast. This prostitute looseness of manners makes way for sedition and cruelty. Under Tiberius, the plague of your dilators, or informers, was worse than any civil war. It was an age, wherein the words of men in their cups, the most innocent railleries, and ingenious freedoms of conversation were made capital. When it was dangerous to be honest, and only profitable to be vicious. And not only ill things, but vice itself, was both commended and preferred; for all insolences, when they come to be exemplary, they pretend to be lawful. Authority in sin is an in-

centive to it; and it is at least an excuse, if not a warrant, to transgress after great example. Beside that, we are prone to do amiss, even of ourselves, without either a leader, or a companion. But it is a malevolent sort of comfort, that which men take in the number of the wicked.

The worst of all is—that whereas in other cases the people are ashamed of their errors, in that of life they are delighted with them, and so become incurable. The pilot takes no pleasure in running upon a rock, nor the physician in the death of his patient, nor the advocate in the loss of his client's cause. But, on the other side, the criminal rejoices in his uncleanness, in his ambition, and in his theft; and never troubles himself for the fault, but for the miscarriage. He makes infamy the reward of lewdness, and values himself upon his excellency in ill-doing. The question is, who shall be most impious; we have every day worse appetites, and less shame. Sobriety and conscience are become foolish and scandalous things; and it is half the relish of our lusts, that they are committed in the face of the sun. Innocency is not only rare, but lost; and mankind is entered into a sort of confederacy against virtue. To say nothing of intestine wars, fathers and sons in league against one another, poisoned fountains, troops in search of the ba-

nished and proscribed, prisons crammed with worthy men, cities demolished, rape and adultery authorized, public perjuries and frauds, a violation of common faith, and all the bonds of human society cancelled. Adultery is the ready way to wedlock, and marriage to a single life again; for parting is one condition of it. For they divorce to marry, and they marry to be divorced. That which they often talk and hear of, they easily do. What shame can there be of incontinence, when modesty is become a reproach; and when it is the mode for every wife to provide herself a gallant or two, beside her husband? It is an idle thing, to think of ever converting those people, that find both advantage and reputation in their wickedness.

Would any man ever have imagined, that Clodius should have come off by bribery, for debauching the wife of Cæsar, and prophaning the public vows for the safety of the people; but the judges were corrupted, and not only with money, but with the bodies of young men and women: so that his absolution was fouler than his crime; the bribe was adultery, as well as the offence, and he had no way to be safe, until he had made his judges like himself. "Name the woman you have a mind to," says he, "and you shall have her; and when you have committed the sin, condemn it if you dare. Appoint the time, and the

place, and she shall be ready for you." Nay, the practice was so gross, that the bench desired a guard of the senate, to secure them from the people. Before the sentence was given he was an adulterer, in the manage of the cause he was a pander, and his way of escaping punishment was fouler than the offence that deserved it. A lust that spared not the altar, and perverted justice upon the very seat of judgment. The question was—whether an adulterer should escape unpunished? and the resolution was—that, without being an adulterer, he could not be secure. Nor is it likely that their conversation was one jot honester than their sentence: these things have been done, and will be done. Discipline and fear may restrain the licence of the people; but it is not to be thought that they will ever be good of their own accord. But, let us not yet speak of luxury and dissolution, as the vices of the age, which, in truth, are only the vices of the men. The practices of our times are moderate, compared with those, when the delinquent pleaded not guilty to the bench, and the bench confessed itself guilty to the delinquent; and when one adultery was excused by another. In those days it passed for great piety, not to be very impious. He that gave most, carried the day; and it is but according to the laws of nations, for him that buys, to sell. And, it is to

be noted, that a man may be as covetous of getting what he intends to squander away, as if he were to hoard it up. The contempt of poverty in others, and the fear of it in ourselves, unmerciful oppressions, and mercenary magistrates, are the common grievances of a licentious government. The baths and the theatres are crowded, when the temples and the schools are empty; for men mind their pleasures more than their manners. All vices gain upon us by the promise of reward; avarice promises money, luxury sensual satisfaction, ambition promises preferment and power. And it is no excuse to say, that a man is not very covetous; a little ambitious, choleric, inconstant, lustful, and the like. He had better have one great vice, than a spice of all little ones. We say commonly, that a fool has all sorts of vices in him; that is to say, he is free from none; but they do not all appear, and he is more prone to one than to another. One is given to avarice, another to luxury, a third to wantonness; but we are not yet to ask the Stoics, if Achilles be a coward, Arsitides unjust, Fabius rash, Mucius a traitor, Camillus a deserter. We do not say, that all vices are in all men, as some are in some particulars.

A clear conscience only, makes a man noble.

THE ORIGINAL OF ALL MEN IS THE SAME, AND VIRTUE IS THE ONLY NOBILITY.

It is not well done, to be still murmuring against nature and fortune, as if it were their unkindness that makes you inconsiderable, when it is only by your own weakness that you make yourself so; for it is virtue, not pedigree, that renders a man either valuable, or happy. Philosophy does not either reject or chuse any man for his quality. Socrates was no patrician, Cleanthes but an under-gardener; neither did Plato dignify philosophy by his birth, but by his goodness. All these worthy men are our progenitors, if we will but do ourselves the honour to become their disciples. The original of all mankind was the same, and it is only a clear conscience that makes any man noble, for that derives even from heaven itself. It is the saying of a great man—that if we could trace our descents, we should find all slaves to come from princes, and all princes from slaves. But fortune has turned all things topsy-turvy, in a long story of revolutions. It is most certain, that our beginning had nothing before it; and our ancestors were some of them splendid, others sordid, as it happened. We have lost the memorials of our extraction; and, in truth, it matters not whence we

came, but whither we go. Nor is it any more to our honour, the glory of our predecessors, than it is to their shame, the wickedness of their posterity. We are all of us composed of the same elements; why should we then value ourselves upon our nobility of blood, as if we were not all of us equal, if we could but recover our evidence? But, when we can carry it no farther, the herald provides some hero to supply the place of an illustrious original, and there is the rise of arms and families. For a man to spend his life in pursuit of a title, that serves only, when he dies, to furnish out an epitaph, is below a wise man's business.

It pleases me exceedingly, to understand, by all that come out of your quarters, that you demean yourself humanely and tenderly towards your servants. It is the part of a wise, and of a good man, to deal with his inferior as he would have his superior deal with him; for servants are not only men, but a kind of humble friends, and fortune has no more power over them than over their masters; and he that duly considers how many servants have come to be masters, and how many masters to be servants, will lay no great stress of argument either upon the one, or upon the other. Some use their servants worse than beasts, in slavish attendances, betwixt their drink and their lusts; some are brought up only

to carve, others to season, and all to serve the turns of pomp and luxury. Is it not a barbarous custom, to make it almost capital for a servant only to cough, sneeze, sigh, or but wag his lips, while he is in waiting, and to keep him the whole night mute, and fasting; yet so it comes to pass, that they that dare not speak before their masters, will not forbear talking of them; and those, on the other side, that were allowed a modest freedom of speech in their master's entertainments, were most obstinately silent upon the torture, rather than they would betray them. But we live as if a servant were not made of the same materials with his master, or to breathe the same air, or to live and die under the same conditions. It is worthy of observation, that the most imperious masters over their own servants, are, at the same time, the most abject slaves to the servants of other masters. I will not distinguish a servant by his office, but by his manners. The one is the work of fortune, the other of virtue. But we look only to his quality, and not to his merit. Why should not a brave action rather dignify the condition of a servant, than the condition of a servant lessen a brave action? I would not value a man for his cloaths, or degree, any more than I would do a horse for his trappings. What if he be a servant! shew me any man that is not so, to his lusts, his avarice, his ambition, his

A servant should reverence his master.

palate, to his queen, nay, to other men's servants; and we are all of us servants to fear; insolent we are many of us at home, servile and despised abroad; and none are more liable to be trampled upon, than those that have gotten a habit of giving affronts by suffering them. What matters it how many masters we have, when it is but one slavery? and whosoever contemns that, is perfectly free, let his masters be ever so many. That man is only free, not whom fortune has a little power over, but over whom she has none at all; which state of liberty is an inestimable good, when we desire nothing that is either superfluous, or vicious. They are asses that are made for burden, and not the nobler sort of horses. In the civil wars, betwixt Cæsar and Pompey, the question was not, who should be slaves or free, but who should be master. Ambition is the same thing in private that it is in public; and the duties are effectually the same, betwixt the master of a kingdom and the master of a family. As I would treat some servants kindly because they are worthy, and others to make them so; so, on the other side, I would have a servant to reverence his master, and rather to love him than fear him. Some there are, that think this too little for a master, though it is all that we pay, even to God himself. The body of a servant may be bought and sold, but his mind is free.

Conscientious men unthankful to Providence.

WE ARE JUSTER TO MEN THAN TO GOD—OF LIFE AND DEATH—OF GOOD AND EVIL.

It is, without dispute, that the loss of a friend is one of the greatest trials of human frailty, and no man is so much exalted above the sense of that calamity, as not to be affected with it. And yet, if a man bears it bravely, they cry—he has no sense of piety, or good nature in him: if he sinks under it, they call him effeminate: so that he lies both ways under a reproach. And what is the ground of the trouble, I beseech you, but that he might have lived longer in respect of his years, and, in effect, that he ought to have done so, in regard of his usefulness to the world? I cannot but wonder, to see men that are really just and temperate in all their dealings with men, and in business, so exceedingly to forget themselves in this point. But we have, in excuse of this error, the failings of the whole world with us for company. For even those that are the most scrupulously conscientious toward men, are yet unthankful and injurious to Providence.

It is not the number of days that makes a life long, but the full employment of them, upon the main end and purpose of life: which is the perfecting of the mind, in making a man the abso-

lute master of himself. I reckon the matter of age among external things, the main point is to live and die with honour. Every man that lives is upon the way, and must go through with his journey, without stopping, until he comes at the end; and wheresoever it ends, if it ends well, it is a perfect life. There is an invincible fate that attends all mortals; and one generation is condemned to tread upon the heels of another. Take away from life the power of death, and it is a slavery. As Caligula was passing upon the way, an old man, that was a prisoner, and with a beard down to his girdle, made it his request to Cæsar that he might be put to death. "Why," says Cæsar to him, "are you not dead already?" So that you see some desire it, as well as others fear it: and why not? when it is one of the duties of life to die, and it is one of the comforts of it too; for the living are under the power of fortune, but she has no dominion at all over the dead. How can life be pleasant to any man, that is not prepared to part with it? Or, what loss can be easier to us, than that which can never be missed, or desired again? I was brought by a defluxion into a hopeless consumption, and I had it many times in my thoughts to deliver myself from a miserable life by a violent death. But the tenderness I had for an aged and indulgent father, held my hands: for, thought I to myself,

it will be very hard for my father to be without me, though I could most willingly part with myself. In the case of a particular disease, a physician may propound a remedy: but the only remedy for all diseases, is the contempt of death. Though I know too, that it is the business of a long life to learn that lesson.

Oh! the happiness of distinguishing good from evil, in the works of Providence! But, instead of raising our thoughts to the contemplation of divine matters, and enquiring into the original, the state, and appointed issue of created nature, we are digging of the earth, and serving of our avarice, neglecting all the good things that are so frankly offered us. How great a folly and madness is it, for men that are dying, and in the hands of death already, to extend their hopes, and to carry their ambition and desires to the grave unsatisfied? for whosoever is tainted with those hydropic appetites, can never have enough, either of money, or power. It is a remarkable thing, that among those that place their happiness in sense, they are the most miserable that seem to be happiest. The riches of nature are the most precious treasures. What has any man to desire more, than to keep himself from cold, hunger, and thirst? It is not the quantity, but the opinion, that governs in this case: that can never be little, which is enough: nor does any

man account that to be much which is too little. The benefits of fortune are so far comfortable to us, as we enjoy them without losing the possession of ourselves. Let us purge our minds, and follow nature; we shall otherwise be still either fearing, or craving, and slaves to accidents. Not that there is any pleasure in poverty, but it is a great felicity for a man to bring his mind to be contented even in that, which fortune itself cannot make worse. Methinks our quarrels with ambition, and profitable employments, are somewhat like those we have with our mistresses; we do not hate them, but wrangle with them. In a word, betwixt those things which are sought and coveted, and yet complained of, and those things which we have lost, and pretend that we cannot live without, our misfortunes are purely voluntary; and we are servants, not so much by necessity as by choice. No man can be happy that is not free and fearless; and no man be so, but he, that by philosophy has got the better of fortune. In what place soever we are, we shall find ourselves beset with the miseries of human nature; some without us, that either encompass us, deceive us, or force us: others within us, that eat up our very hearts, in the middle of solitude. And it is not yet, as we imagine, that fortune has long arms; she meddles with nobody, that does not first lay hold upon her. We should keep a dis-

tance, therefore, and withdraw into the knowledge of nature, and of ourselves: we understand the original of things, the order of the world, the circulation of the seasons, the courses of the stars, and that the whole frame of the universe (only the earth excepted) is but a perpetual motion. We know the causes of day and night, of light and of darkness, but it is at a distance: let us direct our thoughts then to that place, where we shall see all nearer hand. And it is not this hope neither, that makes a wise man resolute at the point of death, because death lies in his way to heaven; for the soul of a wise man is there beforehand: nay, if there were nothing after death to be either expected or feared, he would yet leave this world with as great a mind, though he were to pass into a state of annihilation. He that reckons every hour his last, a day, or an age, is all one to him. Fate is doing our work while we sleep; death steals upon us insensibly, and the more insensibly, because it passes under the name of life. From childhood we grow up, without perceiving it, to old age; and this increase of our life, duly considered, is a diminution of it. We take death to be before us, but it is behind us, and has already swallowed up all that is past; wherefore, make use of the present, and trust nothing to the morrow, for delay is just so much time lost. We catch hold

of hopes and flatteries of a little longer life, as drowning men do upon thorns or straws, that either hurt us, or deceive us. You will ask, perhaps, what I do myself, that preach at this rate. Truly, I do like some ill husbands, that spend their estates, and yet keep their accounts: I run out, but yet I can tell which way it goes. And I have the fate of ill husbands too another way; for every body pities me, and nobody helps me. The soul is never in the right place, so long as it fears to quit the body. Why should a man trouble himself to extend life, which, at best, is a kind of punishment; and at longest amounts to very little more than nothing? He is ungrateful, that takes the period of pleasure for an injury; and he is foolish, that knows no good but the present. Nay, there are some courses of life, which a man ought to quit, though with life itself: as the trade of killing others, instead of learning to die himself. Life itself is neither good nor evil, but only a place for good and evil; it is a kind of tragi-comedy. Let it be well acted, and no matter whether it be long or short. We are apt to be misled by the appearance of things, and when they come to us recommended in good terms, and by great example, they will impose many times upon very wise men. The mind is never right, but when it is at peace within itself, and independent upon any thing

from abroad. The soul is in heaven, even while it is in the flesh, if it be purged of natural corruptions, and taken up with divine thoughts: and, whether any body sees us, or takes notice of us, it matters not. Virtue will of itself break forth, though ever so much pains be taken to suppress it. And it is all one, whether it be known or no; but after-ages, however, will do us right when we are dead, and insensible of the veneration they allow us. He that is wise, will compute the conditions of humanity, and contract the subject both of his joys and fears. And it is time well spent, so to abate of the one, that he may likewise diminish the other. By this practice he will come to understand how short, how uncertain, and how safe, many of those things are, which we are wont to fear. When I see a splendid house, or a glittering train, I look upon it as I do upon courts, which are only the schools of avarice and ambition; and they are, at best, but a pomp which is more for shew than possession. Beside that, great goods are seldom long-lived; and that is the fairest felicity, which is of the shortest growth.

OF TRUE COURAGE.

FORTITUDE is (properly) the contempt of all hazards according to reason, though it be commonly and promiscuously used also, for a con-

tempt of all hazards, even without, or against reason; which is rather a daring and a brutal fierceness, than an honourable courage. A brave man fears nothing more than the weakness of being affected with popular glory. His eyes are not dazzled either with gold, or steel; he tramples upon all the terrors and glories of fortune; he looks upon himself as a citizen and soldier of the world, and, in despite of all accidents and oppositions, he maintains his station. He does not only suffer, but court the most perilous occasions of virtue, and those adventures which are most terrible to others; for he values himself upon experiment, and is more ambitious of being reputed good than happy. Mucius lost his hand with more honour than he could have preserved it: he was a greater conqueror without it, than he could have been with it; for with the very stump of it he overcame two kings, Tarquin and Porsenna. Rutilia followed Cotta into banishment; she stayed and she returned with him too, and soon after she lost him, without so much as shedding a tear: a great instance of her courage in his banishment, and of her prudence in his death. This (says Epicurus) is the last, and the blessedest day of my life; when he was ready to expire in an extreme torment of the stone. It is never said of the three hundred Fabii, that they were overcome, but that they were slain;

Security is the caution of narrow minds.

nor of Regulus, that he was vanquished by the Carthaginians, but that he was taken. The Spartans prohibited all exercises, where the victory was declared by the voice and submission of him that was worsted. When Phaeton begged of Phœbus the government of the chariot of the sun for one day, the poets make him so far from being discouraged by his father's telling him of the danger of the undertaking, and how he himself had much ado to keep his seat for fear, when he looked down from the meridian, that it proved a spur to his importunity. "That is the thing," says Phaeton, "that I would be at; to stand firm in that difficulty where Phœbus himself trembles." Security is the caution of narrow minds; but, as fire tries gold, so does difficulty and hazard try virtuous men. Not but that he may be as valiant that watches upon the tower, as he that fights upon his knees; only the one has had the good fortune of an occasion for the proof of his resolution. As some creatures are cruel, others crafty, and some timorous, so man is endued with a glorious and an excellent spirit, that prompts him, not so much to regard a safe life, as an honest. Providence has made him the master of this lower world, and he reckons it his duty to sacrifice his own particular to the advantage of the whole. And yet there is a vast difference, even in the same action done by a brave

person, and by a stupid; as the death of Cato was honourable, but that of Brutus was shameful. Nor is it death itself that we recommend for glorious, but it is a glorious thing to die as we ought. Neither is it poverty, banishment, or pain, that we commend; but the man that behaves himself bravely under those afflictions. How were the gladiators contemned that called for quarter; and those on the other side favoured that despised it? Many a man saves his life by not fearing to lose it, and many a man loses his life for being over-solicitous to save it. We are many times afraid of dying by one thing, and we come to die by another. As for example, we are threatened by an enemy, and we die by a pleurisy. The fear of death enlarges all other things that we fear. To bear it with constancy, we should compute, that whether our lives be long or short, it comes all to a point: some hours we lose, what if they were days, months, years? What matters it, if I never arrive at that which I must certainly part with when I have it? Life is but one point of flying time, and that which is to come is no more mine than that which is past. And we have this for our comfort too, that whosoever now fears death, will, some time or other, come to wish it. If death be troublesome, or terrible, the fault is in us, and not in death itself. It is as great mad-

ness for a man to fear that which he is not to feel, as that which he is not to suffer; the difference lies in the manner of dying, and not in the issue of death itself. It is a more inglorious death to be smothered with perfumes, than to be torn to pieces with pincers. Provided my mind be not sick, I shall not much heed my body. I am prepared for my last hour, without tormenting myself when it will come. It is betwixt the Stoics, and other philosophers, as betwixt men and women, they are both equally necessary for society; only the one is born for government, and the other for subjection. Other sects deal with their disciples as plausible physicians do with their patients, they flatter and humour them; whereas the Stoics go a bolder way to work, and consider rather their profit than their pleasure.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A PRIVATE LIFE, AND THE SLAVERY OF A PUBLIC.

Let no man presume to advise others, that has not first given good counsel to himself, and he may then pretend to help his neighbour. It is, in short, as hard a matter to give good counsel, as to take it: let it, however, be agreed, betwixt the two parties, that the one designs to confer a benefit, and the other to receive it. Some people scorn to be taught, others are

ashamed of it, as they would be of going to school when they are old: but it is never too late to learn, what it is always necessary to know; and it is no shame to learn so long as we are ignorant, that is to say, so long as we live. When any thing is amiss in our bodies, or estates, we have recourse presently to the physician, or the lawyer, for help: and why not to the philosopher, in the disorders of our mind? No man lives, but he that applies himself to wisdom; for he takes into his own life the supplement of all past ages. It is a fair step toward happiness and virtue, to delight in the conversation of good and of wise men; and where that cannot be had, the next point is to keep no company at all. Solitude affords business enough, and the entertainment is comfortable and easy. Whereas public offices are vexatious and restless. There is a great difference betwixt a life of leisure and of laziness. When people will express their envy of a man in a happy condition, they will say—he lives at his ease. When, in truth, the man is dead, alive. There is a long life, and there is a long death: the former, when we enjoy the benefits of a right mind; and the other, when the senses are extinguished, and the body dead before-hand. He that makes me the master of my own time, and places me in a state of freedom, lays a great obligation upon me. As a merchant, that has a

Most men are bad company to themselves.

considerable fortune abroad, is more sensible of the blessing of a fair wind and safe passage, than he that has only ballast, or some coarse commodity in the vessel; so that man that employs his privacy upon thoughts divine and precious, is more sensible of the comforts of that freedom, than he that bends his meditation an ill way. For he considers all the benefits of his exemption from common duties, he enjoys himself with infinite delight, and makes his gratitude answerable to his obligations. He is the best of subjects, and the happiest of men; and he lives to nature and to himself. Most men are, to themselves, the worst company they can keep. If they be good, quiet, and temperate, they are as good alone as in company, but if otherwise, let them converse with others and avoid themselves: but he that has made himself good company, can never be too much alone. Many a ship is lost in the harbour, but more in the ocean; as many an honest man is condemned, but more guilty. This, however, is certain, he that cannot secure himself in privacy, shall be much more exposed in public. That which the world calls felicity, is greedy itself, and exposed to the greediness of others. Prosperity, like a fair gale upon a strong current, carries a man in a trice out of the very sight of peace and quiet; and, if it be not tempered and regulated, it is so far from easing us,

that it proves an oppression to us. A busy, and a fortunate man in the world, calls many men his friends, that are at most but his guests. And if people flock to him, it is but as they do to a fountain, which they both exhaust and trouble.

What greater slavery can there be, than that of princes in this very respect, that they are chained to their post, and cannot make themselves less? All their words and actions are descanted upon, and made public discourse; and there are many things allowable to a private man, that are not fit for a governor. I can walk alone, where I please, without a sword, without fear, and without company; whereas a prince must be armed in peace, and cannot with dignity quit his guards. Fortune has him in custody, a train besets him wherever he goes, and there is no making of any escape. He is little better than nailed to his place, and it is the perfection of his misery, that he cannot go less. He can no more conceal himself than the sun in the firmament, whereas his subjects may come and go, change habits and humour, without being taken notice of. Servitude is the fate of palaces, the splendor of a crown draws all men's eyes upon it. When Cæsar speaks, the whole world hears his voice, and trembles at his displeasure; and where it falls, it shakes whatsoever is near it. His lips are the oracles of the people, and government is

A prince's strength is his people's love.

the cement that binds them together; but still, he that is master of many, is the servant yet of more. The power, it is true, of all things belongs to the prince, but the property to particular persons. And the same thing may be both your's and mine in several respects. We cannot say that a son, or a servant, has nothing, because a master, or a father, may take it away if he will; or that he cannot give willingly, because they may hinder it, whether he will or no. This is power and true dominion, and not to rule and command, when we may do it when we please. The strengh of a prince is in the love of his people; for there is nothing so great, but it must itself perish, when it is become the common safety that it should be so. Tyrants are hated, because they are feared; and because they are hated, they will be feared. They are rendered odious to posterity; and they had better never have been born, than to stand upon record for the plagues of mankind. Miserable is that people, where their very keepers are their executioners. And it is not an armed tyranny either, but the unarmed vices of avarice and envy, that we ought to be most afraid of. Some will not endure to have their vices touched, but will shrink and struggle under the operation, as if they were under the hand of a surgeon. But this shall not hinder me from lancing and prob-

ing, because of the cries and groans of the patient. Every man should have a monitor at his elbow, to keep him from avarice, by shewing him how rich a man may be with a little: from ambition, by representing the disputes and hazards that accompany greatness; which makes him as great a burden to others as he is to himself. When it comes to that once, fear, anxiety, and weariness, make us philosophers. A sickly fortune produces wholesome councils, and we reap this fruit from our adversity, that it brings us at last to wisdom.

Now, though clemency in a prince be so necessary and profitable a virtue, and cruelty so dangerous an excess, it is yet the office of a governor, as of the master of an hospital, to keep sick and mad men in order; and, in case of extremity, the very member is to be cut off with the ulcer. All punishment is either for amendment, or for example, or that others may live more secure. What is the end of destroying those poisonous and dangerous creatures, which are never to be reclaimed, but to prevent mischief? and yet there may be as much hazard in doing too much as too little. A particular mutineer may be punished, but when the whole army is in a revolt, there must be a general pardon. The multitude of offenders is their security and protection, for there is no quarrelling with a

public vice, where the custom of offending takes away the shame of it: and it is not prudent neither, by many punishments to shew a city, that the wicked are so much the major part; beside, that it is as great a dishonour for a prince to have many executions, as for a physician to have many funerals. Shall a father disinherit a son for the first offence? let him first admonish, then threaten, and afterward punish him. So long as there is hope, we should apply gentle remedies. But some nations are intractable, and never willing to serve, nor fit to command; and some persons are incorrigible too.

THE TWO BLESSINGS OF LIFE ARE A SOUND BODY AND A QUIET MIND.

EPICURUS makes the two blessings of life to be a sound body and a quiet mind, which is only a compendious reduction of human felicity to a state of health and of virtue. The way to be happy is to make vice not only odious, but ridiculous, and every man to mind his own business; for he that torments himself for other people's misfortunes, shall never be at rest. A virtuous life must be all of a piece; and not advance by starts and intervals, and then go on where it left, for this is losing of ground. We are to press and persevere, for the main difficulties are yet to come. If I discontinue my course, when shall I come to

nounce these words—I am a conqueror? not a conqueror of barbarous enemies and savage nations, but I have subdued avarice, ambition, and those lusts that have subjected even the greatest of conquerors. Who was a greater than Alexander, that extended his empire from Thracia to the utmost bounds of the east? but yet he burnt Persepolis at the request of a prostitute, to gratify his lust. He overcame Darius, and slew many thousands of the Persians, but yet he murdered Calisthenes: and that single blot has tarnished the glory of all his victories. All the wishes of mortals, and all the benefits which we can either give or receive, are of very little conducement to a happy life. Those things, which the common people gape after, are transitory and vain. Whereas happiness is permanent; nor is it to be estimated by number, measure, or parts, for it is full and perfect. I do not speak as if I myself were arrived at that blessed state of repose; but it is something yet to be on the mending hand. It is with me, as with a man that is creeping out of a disease, he feels yet some grudgings of it; he is every foot examining of his pulse, and suspects every touch of heat to be a relique of his fever. Just at that rate I am jealous of myself. The best remedy that I know, in this case, is to go on with confidence, and not to be misled by the errors of other people. It is

with our manners, as with our healths; it is a degree of virtue, the abatement of vice; as it is a degree of health, the abatement of a fit.

Some place their happiness in wealth, some in the liberty of the body, and others in the pleasures of the sense and palate. But, what are metals, tastes, sounds, or colours, to the mind of a reasonable creature? He that sets his heart upon riches, the very fear of poverty will be grievous to him. He that is ambitious, shall be galled with envy at any man that gets before him, for, in that case, he that is not first, is last. I do not speak against riches neither, for if they hurt a man, it is his own folly. They may be, indeed, a cause of mischief, as they are a temptation to those that do it. Instead of courage, they may inspire us with arrogance; and instead of greatness of mind, with insolence; which is, in truth, but the counterfeit of magnanimity. What is it to be prisoner, and in chains? it is no more than that condition to which many princes have been reduced, and out of which many men have been advanced to the authority of princes. It is not to say—I have no master; in time you may have one. Might not Hecuba, Crœsus, and the mother of Darius have said as much? And where is the happiness of luxury either? when a man divides his life betwixt the kitchen and the stews; betwixt an anxious conscience and a nau-

seous stomach? Caligula, who was born to shew the world what mischief might be done by a concurrence of great wickedness and a great fortune, spent near 10,000l. sterling upon a supper. The works and inventions of it are prodigious, not only in the counterfeiting of nature, but even in the surpassing it. The Romans had their brooks even in their parlours, and found their dinners under their tables. The mullet was reckoned stale, unless it died in the hand of the guest; and they had their glasses to put them into, that they might the better observe all the changes and motions of them in the last agony betwixt life and death. So that they fed their eyes before their bodies. "Look how it reddens," says one, "there is no vermillion like it. Take notice of these veins, and that same grey brightness upon the head of it. And now he is at his last gasp; see how pale he turns, and all of a colour." These people would not have given themselves half this trouble with a dying friend; nay, they would leave a father, or a brother, at his last hour, to entertain themselves with the barbarous spectacle of an expiring fish. And that which enhances the esteem of every thing, is the price of it: insomuch that water itself, which ought to be gratuitous, is exposed to sale, in their conservatories of ice and snow. Nay, we are troubled that we cannot buy breath, light, and that we

have the air itself gratis; as if our conditions were evil, because nature has left something to us in common. But luxury contrives ways to set a price upon the most necessary and communicable benefits in nature; even those benefits which are free to birds and beasts as well as to men, and serve indifferently for the use of the most sluggish creatures. But, how comes it that fountain water is not cold enough to serve us, unless it be bound up into ice? So long as the stomach is sound, nature discharges her functions without trouble; but, when the blood comes to be inflamed with excess of wine, or meats, simple water is not cold enough to allay that heat, and we are forced to make use of remedies, which remedies themselves are vices. We heap suppers upon dinners, and dinners upon suppers, without intermission. Good God! how easy is it to quench a sound and an honest thirst? but, when the palate is grown callous, we taste nothing; and that which we take for thirst, is only the rage of a fever. Hippocrates delivered it as an aphorism, that women were never bald, nor gouty, but in one singular case. Women have not altered their nature since, but they have changed the course of their lives; for, by taking the liberties of men, they partake as well of their diseases, as of their wickedness. They sit up as much, drink as much; nay, in their very appe-

tites they are masculine too; they have lost the advantage of their sex by their vices.

Our ancestors, when they were free, lived either in caves, or in arbours; but slavery came in with gildings and with marble. I would have him that comes into my house, take more notice of the master than of the furniture. The golden age was before architecture; arts came in with luxury, and we do not hear of any philosopher that was either a lock-smith, or a painter. Who was the wiser man, think you, he that invented a saw, or the other, who, upon seeing a boy drink water out of the hollow of his hand, brake his pitcher, with this check to himself—what a fool am I to trouble myself with superfluities? Carving is one man's trade, cooking is another's; only he is more miserable that teaches it for pleasure, than he that learns it for necessity. It was luxury, not philosophy, that invented fish-pools, as well as palaces, where, in case of foul weather at sea, they might have fishes to supply their gluttony in harbour. We do not only pamper our lusts, but provoke them. As if we were to learn the very art of voluptuousness. What was it but avarice, that originally brake the union of society; and proved the cause of poverty even to those that were the most wealthy? Every man possessed all, until the world came to appropriate possessions to themselves. In the

first age, nature was both a law and a guide, and the best governed, which was but according to nature too. The largest and the strongest bull leads the herd; the goodliest elephant; and, among men too, in the blessed times of innocence, the best was uppermost. They chose governors for their manners, who neither acted any violence, nor suffered any. They protected the weak against the mighty; and persuaded, or dissuaded, as they saw occasion. Their prudence provided for their people, their courage kept them safe from dangers, their bounty both supplied and adorned their subjects. It was a duty then to command, not a government. No man, in those days, had either a mind to do an injury, or a cause for it. He that commanded well, was well obeyed; and the worst menace the governors could then make to the disobedient, was, to forsake them. But, with the corruption of times, tyranny crept in, and the world began to have need of laws; and those laws were made by wise men too, as Solon and Lycurgus, who learned their trade in the school of Pythagoras.

We set our hearts upon transitory things.

MAN IS COMPOUNDED OF SOUL AND BODY, AND HAS NATURALLY A CIVIL WAR WITHIN HIMSELF.

THERE is not so disproportionate a mixture in any creature, as that is in man, of soul and body. There is intemperance joined with divinity, folly with severity, sloth with activity, and uncleanness with purity. But a good sword is never the worse for an ill scabbard. We are moved more by imaginary fears than truths, for truth has a certainty and foundation; but, in the other, we are exposed to the licence and conjecture of a distracted mind; and our enemies are not more imperious than our pleasures. We set our hearts upon transitory things, as if they themselves were everlasting; or we, on the other side, to possess them for ever. Why do we not rather advance our thoughts to things that are eternal, and contemplate the heavenly original of all beings? Why do we not, by the divinity of reason, triumph over the weaknesses of flesh and blood? It is by Providence that the world is preserved, and not from any virtue in the matter of it, for the world is as mortal as we are, only the Almighty Wisdom carries it safe through all the motions of corruption. And so by prudence human life it-

self may be prolonged, if we will but stint ourselves in those pleasures that bring the greater part of us untimely to our end. Our passions are nothing else but certain disallowable motions of the mind, sudden and eager, which, by frequency and neglect, turn to a disease; as a distillation brings first to a cough, and then to a phthisic. We are carried up to the heavens, and down again into the deep, by turns; so long as we are governed by our affections, and not by virtue: passion and reason are a kind of civil war within us, and as the one or the other has dominion, we are either good or bad. So that it should be our care, that the worst mixture may not prevail. And they are linked, like the chain of causes and effects, one to another. Betwixt violent passion, and a fluctuation, or wambling of the mind, there is such a difference, as betwixt the agitation of a storm, and all the nauseous sickness of a calm. And they have all of them their symptoms too, as well as our bodily distempers: they that are troubled with the falling-sickness know when the fit is a coming, by the cold of the extreme parts, the dazzling of the eyes, the failing of the memory, the trembling of the nerves, and the giddiness of the head; so that every man knows his own disease, and should provide against it. Anger, love, sadness, fear, may be read in the countenance; and so

may the virtues too. Fortitude makes the eye vigorous, prudence makes it intent, reverence shews itself in modesty, joy in serenity, and truth in openness and simplicity. There are sown the seeds of divine things in mortal bodies. If the mind be well cultivated, the fruit answers the original; and, if not, all runs into weeds. We are all of us sick of curable diseases; and it costs us more to be miserable, than would make us perfectly happy. Consider the peaceable state of clemency, and the turbulency of anger; the softness and quiet of modesty, and the restlessness of lust. How cheap and easy to us is the service of virtue, and how dear we pay for our vices! The sovereign good of man, is a mind that subjects all things to itself, and is itself subject to nothing: his pleasures are modest, severe, and reserved; and rather the sauce, or the diversion of life, than the entertainment of it. It may be some question, whether such a man goes to heaven, or heaven comes to him: for a good man is influenced by God himself, and has a kind of divinity within him. What if one good man lives in pleasure and plenty, and another in want and misery? it is no virtue to contemn superfluities, but necessities; and they are both of them equally good, though under several circumstances, and in different stations. Cato (the censor,) waged war with the manners of Rome; Scipio

with the enemies. Nay, bating the very conscience of virtue, who is there, that, upon sober thoughts, would not be an honest man, even for the reputation of it? Virtue you shall find in the temple, in the field, or upon the walls, covered with dust and blood, in the defence of the public. Pleasures you shall find sneaking in the stews, sweating-houses, powdered and painted, &c. Not that pleasures are wholly to be disclaimed, but to be used with moderation, and to be made subservient to virtue. Good manners always please us, but wickedness is restless, and perpetually changing; not for the better, but for variety. We are torn to pieces betwixt hopes and fears, by which means Providence (which is the greatest blessing of heaven) is turned into a mischief. Wild beasts, when they see their dangers, fly from them, and when they have escaped them they are quiet: but wretched man is equally tormented, both with things past and to come; for the memory brings back the anxiety of our past fears, and our foresight anticipates the future; whereas the present makes no man miserable. If we fear all things that are possible, we live without any bounds to our miseries.

WE ABUSE GOD'S BLESSINGS, AND TURN THEM INTO MISCHIEFS.

THERE is nothing so profitable but it may be perverted to an injury. Without the use of the winds, how should we do for commerce? beside that, they keep the air sweet and healthful, and bring seasonable rains upon the earth. It was never the intent of Providence, that they should be employed for war and devastation, and yet that is a great part of the use we make of them; pursuing one hazard through another. We expose ourselves to tempests, and to death, without so much as the hope of a sepulchre. And all this might be borne too, if we only ran these risks in order to peace; but when we have escaped so many rocks and flats, thunder and storms, what is the fruit of all our labour and terror? It is only war, and to burn and ravage, as if the earth were not large enough for the scene of our destruction. Whereas we might live and die at ease, if we had a mind to it, and draw out our lives in security. Why do we press our own dangers then, and provoke our fates? what do we look for? only death, which is to be found every where. It will find us in our beds, in our chambers; but, wheresoever it finds us, let it find us innocent. What a madness is it to pursue mis-

Danger still under our feet.

chiefs, to fall foul upon those we do not know, to be angry without a cause; to over-run whatsoever is in our way, and, like beasts, to kill what we have no quarrel to? Nay, worse than beasts, we run great hazards, only to bring us to greater. We force our way to gold, without any regard either to God or man. But, in all this, without any cause of complaint, we abuse the benefits of God, and turn them all into mischiefs. We dig for gold; we leave the light, and abandon the courses of a better nature; we descend, where we find a new position of things, hideous caves, hollow and hanging rocks, horrid rivers, a deep and perpetual darkness, and not without the apprehensions even of hell itself. How little now, and how inconsiderable are those things that men venture for, with the price of their lives? But, to pass from those hazards that we may avoid, to others which we cannot; as in the case of earthquakes.

In what condition can any man be safe, when the world itself is shaken, and the only thing that passes for fixed and unmoveable in the universe, trembles, and deceives us? Whither shall we fly for security, if wheresoever we are the danger be still under our feet? Upon the cracking of a house, every man takes to his heels, and leaves all to save himself: but what retreat is there, where that which should support us fails us;

when the foundation, not only of cities, but even of the world itself, opens and wavers? What help, or what comfort, where fear itself can never carry us off? An enemy may be kept at a distance with a wall, a castle may put a stop to an army, a port may protect us from the fury of a tempest, fire itself does not follow him that runs away from it, a vault may defend us against thunder, and we may quit the place in a pestilence: there is some remedy in all these evils. Or, however, no man ever knew a whole nation destroyed with lightning. A plague may unpeople a town, but it will not carry it away. There is no evil of such an extent, so inevitable, so greedy, and so publicly calamitous, as an earthquake. For it does not only devour houses, families, or single towns, but ruins whole countries and nations: either overturning, or swallowing them up, without so much as leaving any footstep, or mark, of what they were. Some people have a great horror for this death, than for any other—to be taken away alive, out of the number of the living! As if all mortals, by what means soever, were not to come to the same end. Nature has eminently this justice, that when we are all dead, we are all alike. And it is not a pin matter, whether I be crushed to pieces by one stone, or by a whole mountain; whether I perish by the fall of a house, or under the burden

of the whole earth; whether I be swallowed up alone, or with a thousand more for company. What does it signify to me, the noise and discourse that is made about my death; when death is every where, and in all cases the same? We should therefore arm ourselves against that blow, that can neither be avoided, nor foreseen. And it is not the forswearing of those places, that we find infested with earthquakes, that will do our business; for there is no place than can be warranted against them. What if the earth be not yet moved? it is still moveable, for the whole body of it lies under the same law, and exposed to danger, only some part at one time, and some at another. As it is in great cities, where all the houses are subject to ruin, though they do not all fall together: so in the body of the earth, now this part falls, and then that. Tyre was formerly subject to earthquakes; in Asia twelve cities were swallowed up in a night; Achaia and Macedonia have had their turns, and now Campagnia. The fate goes round, and strikes at last where it has a great while passed by. It falls out oftener, it is true, in some places than in others, but no place is totally free and exempt. And it is not only men, but cities, coasts, nay, the shores and the very sea itself, that suffers under the dominion of fate. And yet we are so vain as to promise ourselves some sort of assur-

ance in the goods of fortune, never considering, that the very ground we stand upon is unstable. And, it is not the frailty of this or that place, but the quality of every spot of it: for not one inch of it is so compacted, as not to admit many causes of its revolution, and though the bulk of the earth remain entire, the parts of it may yet be broken.

There is not any thing which can promise to itself a lasting quiet: and it is no small comfort to us, the certainty of our fate; for it is a folly to fear, where there is a remedy. He that troubles himself sooner than he needs, grieves more also than is necessary; for the same weakness that makes him anticipate his misery, makes him enlarge it too. The wise fortify themselves by reason, and fools by despair. That saying, which was applied to a conquered party under fire and sword, might have been spoken to all mankind —that man is in some sense out of danger, that is out of hope. He that would fear nothing, should consider, that if he fears any thing he must fear every thing. Our very meat and drink, sleeping and waking, without measure, are hurtful to us. Our bodies are nice and weak, and a small matter does their work. That man has too high an opinion of himself, that is only afraid of thunder and of earthquakes. If he were conscious of his own infirmities, he would as much

fear the being choaked with his own phlegm. What do we see in ourselves, that heaven and earth should join in a distemper to procure our dissolution, when the ripping of a hang-nail is sufficient to dispatch us? We are afraid of inundations from the sea, when a glass of wine, if it goes the wrong way, is enough to suffocate us. It is a great comfort in death, the very mortality itself. We creep under ground for fear of thunder, we dread the sudden concussions of the earth, and the rages of the sea, when yet we carry death in our own veins, and it is at hand in all places, and at all times. There is nothing so little, but it is of force enough to bring us to our last end. Nay, so far should we be from dreading an eminent fate, more than a vulgar, that, on the contrary, since die we must, we should rather rejoice in the breathing of our last under a more glorious circumstance. What if the ground stand still within its bounds, and without any violence? I shall have it over me at last; and it is all one to me, whether I be laid under that, or that lay itself over me—but it is a terrible thing for the earth to gape and swallow a man up into a profound abyss. And what then? is death any easier above ground? what cause have I of complaint, if nature will do me the honour to cover me with a part of her self? Since we must fall, there is a dignity in the very man-

ner of it, when the world itself is shocked for company. Not that I would wish for a public calamity; but it is some satisfaction in my death, that I see the world also to be mortal.

Neither are we to take these extraordinary revolutions for divine judgments, as if such motions of the heavens, and of the earth, were the denouncings of the wrath of the Almighty: but they have their ordinate and their natural causes, such as, in proportion, we have in our own bodies; and while they seem to act a violence, they suffer it. But yet, for want of knowing the causes of things, they are dreadful to us; and the more so, because they happen but seldom. But why are we commonly more afraid of that which we are not used to? Because we look upon nature with our eyes, not with our reason; rather computing what she usually does, than what she is able to do. And we are punished for this negligence, by taking those things to which we are not wonted, to be new and prodigious. The eclipses of the sun and moon, blazing stars and meteors, while we admire them, we fear them; and since we fear them, because we do not understand them, it is worth our while to study them, that we may no longer fear them. Why should I fear a man, a beast, an arrow, or a lance, when I am exposed to the encounter of greater dangers? We are assaulted by the nobler part of nature it-

All created things are limited.

self; by the heavens, by the sea, and the land. Our business is, therefore, to defy death, whether extraordinary, or common. No matter for the menaces of it, so long as it asks no more of us than age itself will take from us, and every petty accident that befals us. He that contemns death, what does he care for either fire or water, the very dissolution of the universe; or if the earth should open under him, and shew him all the secrets of the infernal pit, he would look down without trouble. In the place that we are all of us to go, there are no earthquakes, or thunderclaps; no tempestuous seas; neither war nor pestilence. Is it a small matter? why do we fear it then? Is it a great matter? let it rather once fall upon us, than always hang over us. Why should I dread my own end, when I know that an end I must have, and that all created things are limited?

A DISCOURSE OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE IN THE MISFORTUNES OF GOOD MEN.

You are troubled, I perceive, that your servant is run away from you, but I do not hear yet, that you are either robbed, or strangled, or poisoned, or betrayed, or accused, by him: so that you have escaped well, in comparison with your fellows. And why should you complain then, especially under the protection of so graci-

ous a Providence, as suffers no man to be miserable, but by his own fault? Nor is this a subject worthy of a wise man's consideration. Adversity, indeed, is a terrible thing in sound and opinion, and that is all. Some men are banished and stript of their estates; others again are poor in plenty, (which is the basest sort of beggary). Some are overborne by a popular tumult, that breaks out like a tempest, even in the highest security of a calm; or, like a thunder-clap, that frights all near it: there is but one struck, perhaps, but the fear extends to all, and affects those that may suffer, as well as those that do. As in the discharge of a piece only with powder, it is not the stroke, but the crack, that frights the birds. Adversity, I will grant you, is not a thing to be wished, no more than war; but if it be my lot to be torn with the stone, broken upon the wheel, or to receive wounds, or maims, it shall be my prayer, that I may bear my fortune as becomes a wise and an honest man. We do not pray for tortures, but for patience; not for war, but for generosity and courage in all the extremities of a war, if it happens. Afflictions are but the exercise of virtue; and an honest man is out of his element when he is idle. It must be practice and patience that perfect it. Do we not see how one wrestler provokes another? and if he find him not to be his match, he

will call for somebody to help him, that may put him to all his strength.

It is a common argument against the justice of Providence, in the matter of reward and punishment—the misfortune of good men in this world, and the prosperity of the wicked: but it is an easy matter to vindicate the cause of the gods. There are many things which we call evil, which turn very often to the advantage of those that suffer them; or, at least for the common good, whereof Providence has the greater care. And farther, they either befal those that bear them willingly, or those that deserve them by their impatience under them; and, lastly, they come by divine appointment, and to those that are good men, even for that very reason, because they are good. Nor is there any thing more ordinary, than for that which we feared as a calamity, to prove the foundation of our happiness. How many are there in the world that enjoy all things to their own wish, whom God never thought worthy of a trial? If it might be imagined, that the Almighty should take off his thought from the care of his whole work, what more glorious spectacle could he reflect upon, than a valiant man struggling with adverse fortune: or Cato's standing upright, and unmoved, under the shock of a public ruin?—"Let the whole world," says he, "fall into one band, and let Cæsar encompass me

with his legions by land, his shipping at sea, and his guard at the gates, Cato will yet cut his way out, and with that weapon, that was untainted even in the civil war, give himself that liberty, which fate denied to his country. Set upon the great work then, and deliver thyself from the clog of thy humanity. Juba and Petreius have already done this good office one for the other, by a generous concurrence of resolution and fate; but Cato is above example, and does as much scorn to ask his death of any man, as his life." With what joy did this great man contemplate immortality, when he took his book and his sword together, and in cold thoughts dispatched himself! Let this suffice of Cato, whose virtue Providence made use of to cope with all the powers of the earth. His courage took delight in, and sought for all occasions of hazard; keeping his eye still upon the end, without valuing the difficulties of the passage. The sufferance is one part of the glory; and though one man may escape without wounds, yet he is still more reverend and remarkable that comes off bloody. The malice of great men is grievous, you will say, and yet he supported the oppositions of Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus. It is troublesome to be repulsed; Vatinius was preferred before him. Prosperity shews a man but one part of human nature. Nobody knows what such a man is good

for, neither in truth does he understand himself, for want of experiment. Temporal happiness is for weak and vulgar minds; but the subduing of public terrors is a work that is reserved for more generous spirits. Calamity is the touchstone of a brave mind, that resolves to live and die free, and master of itself. The combatant brings no mettle into the field, that was never battered; he that has lost blood, and yet keeps his stomach; he that has been under his enemy, and worsted, and yet comes on again, and gathers heart from his misfortunes—that is the man of hope and courage.

But, is it not a very unjust and a rigorous fate, that good men should be poor and friendless? All this is no more than the natural work of matter and form. Mean souls are meanly principled; but there goes more to the making up of a brave man, that is to work out his way through difficulties and storms. We are condemned to terrible encounters, and because we cannot, according to the course of nature, avoid them, we have faculties given us, that will enable us to bear them: or, at the worst, to have a retreat; if we will not fight, we may fly. So that nothing is made more easy to us, than that which is most necessary to us, to die. No man is kept in the world against his will. But adversity is the better for us all: for it is God's mercy to shew the world

their errors, and that the things they fear and covet are neither good nor evil, being the common and promiscuous lot both of good men and bad. If they were good, only the good should enjoy them: and if bad, only the wicked should suffer them. One man is taken away in a scuffle for a wench, and another in the defence of his country; and we find silver and gold both in a temple, and in the stews.

Now, to shew you that the virtue which I affect is not so imaginary and extravagant as it is taken to be, I will allow a wise man to tremble, to turn pale, nay, and to groan too, and to suffer all the affections of his bodily sense, provided that he keep his mind firm, and free from submission to his body, and that he do not repent of his constancy, (which is in itself so great a virtue, that there is some authority even in a pertinacious error). If the body be brought by exercise to the contempt of bruises and wounds, how much more easily then may the mind be fortified against the assaults of fortune; and though, perhaps, thrown down and trod upon, yet recover itself? The body must have meat and drink, much labour and practice; whereas the food and the business of the mind is within itself; and virtue maintained without either toil or charge. If you say, that many professors of wisdom are wrought upon by menaces and mischiefs; these,

let me tell you, are but proficients, and not as yet arrived at the state of wisdom; they are not strong enough to practise what they know. It is with our dispositions as with our clothes, they will take some colours at one dipping, but others must be steeped over and over, before they will imbibe them. And so for disciplines, they must soak and lie long before they take the tincture. No man can receive an injury, and not be moved at it, but yet he may keep himself free from perturbations; and so far from being troubled at them, that he may make use of them for the experiment and trial of his virtue, keeping himself still moderate, placid, chearful, and safe, in a profound quiet, and fixed in his station. But if a wise man cannot be poor, how comes it that he is many times without either meat, drink, clothes, or lodging? If only fools are mad, how comes it then that wise men have their alienations of mind, and talk as idly in a fever as other people? It is one thing, the receiving of an injury, and another thing, the conceiving of an indignation for it; it is the body in this case that suffers, (which is the fool's part) but not the mind. That man is never the worse pilot, that by foul weather is forced behind his business. When a ship springs a leak, we do not presently quarrel either with the mariners, or with the vessel; but some to the pump, others into the hold, to keep

to keep the ship above water. And if we cannot absolutely master it, we must still work on; for it is then a great point gained, if we can but keep it at a stay. Some men are strangely transported at the insolence of the porter, that refuses to let them into a great man's house. They forget that the door of a prison is not more strictly guarded than that of a palace. He that has business must pay for his passage, and sweeten him, as he would do a churlish cur with a sop. That which is to be sold, is to be bought: he is a weak man, that rates himself according to the civility of a slave. Let him have a reverence for himself, and then no matter who despises him. What if he should break his staff, or cause his master to turn him away, or to correct him? He that contends, supposes an equality; and even when he has got the better of him, admits that there was one. What if he should receive a blow? Cato (the greatest man of his age) did not only forgive it, but forget it.

It is not to say, that this or that is tolerable to a wise man, or intolerable. If we do not totally subdue fortune, fortune overcomes us. It is the foundation of a happy life, for a man to depend upon himself; but an absolute tranquillity of mind, and a freedom from errors, must be the business of another world.

A WISE AND A GOOD MAN IS A PROOF AGAINST ALL ACCIDENTS OF FATE.

THE book you promised me is now come to my hand, and I opened it with an intent to read it over at leisure; but when I was once in, I could not lay it down again, until I had gone through with it. At present, I shall only tell you, that I am exceedingly pleased with the choice of the subject, but I am transported with the spirit and gentleness of it. You shall hear farther from me upon a second reading; and you need not fear the hearing of the truth, for your goodness leaves a man no place for flattery. I find you still to be one and the same man, which is a great matter, and only proper to a wise man; for fools are various, one while thrifty and grave, another while profuse and vain. Happy is the man that sets himself right at first, and continues so to the end. All fools, we say, are madmen, though they are not all of them in Bethlem. We find some at the bar, some upon the bench, and not a few even in the senate itself. One man's folly is sad, another is wanton, and a third is busy and impertinent. A wise man carries all his treasure within himself: what fortune gives, she may take, but he leaves nothing at her mer-

cy. He stands firm, and keeps his ground against all misfortunes, without so much as changing countenance. He is free, inviolable, unshaken, proof against all accidents; and not only invincible, but inflexible. So long as he cannot lose any thing of his own, he never troubles himself for what is another's. He is a friend to Providence, and will not murmur at any thing that comes to pass by God's appointment. He is not only resolute, but generous and good-natured, and ready to lay down his life in a good cause, and for the public safety to sacrifice his own. He does not so much consider the pleasure of his life, as the need that the world has of him; and he is not so nice either, as to be weary of his life, while he may either serve his wife, or his friends. Nor is it all, that his life is profitable to them, but it is likewise delightful to himself, and carries its own reward; for what can be more comfortable, than to be so dear to another, as for that very reason to become dearer to himself? If he loses a child, he is pensive; he is compassionate to the sick; and only troubled, when he sees men wallow in infamy and vice. Whereas, on the other side, you shall see nothing but restlessness; one man hankering after his neighbour's wife, another in pain about his own, a third in grief for a repulse, another as much out of humour for his success. If he loses

an estate, he parts with it as a thing that was only adventitious; or, if it was of his own acquiring, he computes the possession and loss, and says thus to himself—I shall live as well afterward, as I did before. Our houses, says he, may be burnt, or robbed; our lands taken from us; and we can call nothing our own, that is under the dominion of fortune. It is a foolish avarice, that restrains all things to a propriety, and believes nothing to be a man's own that is public. Whereas a wise man judges nothing so much his own, as that wherein mankind is allowed a share. It is not with the blessings of Providence, as it is with a dole, where every man receives so much a head, but every man there has all. That which we eat, and either give, or receive, with the hand, may be broken into parts; but peace, and freedom of mind, are not to be divided. He that has first cast off the empire of fortune, needs not fear that of great men, for they are but fortune's hands; nor was ever any man broken by adversity, that was not first betrayed by prosperity. But what signifies philosophy, you will say, if there be a fate; if we be governed by fortune, or some over-ruling power? for certainties are unchangeable, and there is no providing against uncertainties. If what I shall do, and resolve, be determined, what use of philosophy? Yes, great use; for, taking

all this for granted, philosophy instructs, and advises us to obey God, and to follow him willingly; to oppose fortune resolutely, and to bear all accidents.

Fate is an irrevocable, an invincible, and an unchangeable decree; a necessity of all things and actions, according to eternal appointment. Like the course of a river, it moves forward without contradiction, or delay, in an irresistible flux, where one wave pushes on another. He knows little of God, that imagines it may be controuled. There is no changing of the purpose even of a wise man; for he sees beforehand what will be the best for the future. How much more unchangeable then is the Almighty, to whom all futurity is always present? To what end then is it, if fate be inexorable, to offer up prayers and sacrifices any farther, than to relieve the scruples and the weakness of sickly minds? My answer is, first, that the gods take no delight in the sacrifices of beasts, or in the images of gold and silver, but in a pious and obedient will; and, secondly, that by prayers and sacrifices, dangers and afflictions may be sometimes removed, sometimes lessened, other whiles deferred, and all this without any offence to the power, or necessity of fate. There are some things which Providence has left so far in suspence, that they seem to be (in a manner) conditional; in such sort, that

even appearing evils may, upon our prayers and supplications, be turned into goods. Which is so far from being against fate, that it is even a part of fate itself. You will say—that either this shall come to pass, or not; if the former, it will be the same thing if we do not pray; and if the other, it will be the same thing if we do. To this I must reply, that the proposition is false, for want of the middle exception betwixt the one and the other. This will be, (say I) that is, if there shall any prayers interpose in the case. But then, do they object on the other side, that this very thing also is necessary; for it is likewise determined by fate, either that we shall pray, or not. What if I should now grant you, that there is a fate also even in our very prayers; a determination that we shall pray; and that therefore we shall pray? It is decreed that a man shall be eloquent, but, upon condition that he apply himself to letters; by the same fate, it is decreed that he shall so apply himself, and that therefore he shall learn. Such a man shall be rich, if he betake himself to navigation; but the same fate that promises him a great estate, appoints also that he shall sail, and therefore he puts to sea. It is the same case in expiations: a man shall avoid dangers, if he can, by his prayers, avoid the threatenings of divine vengeance; but this is part of his fate also, that he shall so do, and

therefore he does it. These arguments are made use of, to prove, that there is nothing left to our will, but that we are all over-ruled by fatalities. When we come to handle that matter, we shall shew the consistency of free-will with fate, having already made it appear, that notwithstanding the certain order of fate, judgments may be averted by prayers and supplications, and without any repugnance to fate; for they are part even of the law of fate itself. You will say, perhaps—what am I the better for the priest, or the prophet: for whether he bids me sacrifice, or no, I lie under the necessity of doing it. Yes, in this I am the better for it, as he is a minister of fate. We may as well say, that it is matter of fate that we are in health: and yet we are indebted for it to the physician; because the benefit of that fate is conveyed to us by his hand.

ALL THINGS ARE PRODUCED OUT OF CAUSE AND MATTER.

I HAD yesterday but the one half of it to myself: my distemper took up the morning; the afternoon was my own. My first trial was, how far I could endure reading, and when I saw I could bear that, I fell to writing, and pitched upon a subject difficult enough, for it required great intention; but yet I was resolved not to be overcome. Some of my friends coming in, told

me that I did ill, and took me off; so that from writing we passed into discourse, and made you judge of the matter in question. The Stoics, you know, will have all things to be produced out of cause and matter. The matter is dull and passive, susceptible of any thing, but not capable of doing any thing itself. The cause is that power that forms the matter, this or that way, at pleasure. Something there must be, of which every thing is made; and then there must be a workman to form every thing. All art is but an imitation of nature; and that which I speak in general of the world, holds in the case of every particular person. As for example: the matter of a statue is the wood, the stone, or the metal; the statuary shapes it, and is the cause of it. Aristotle assigns four causes to every thing. The material, which is the *sine qua non* (or that without which it could not be).—The efficient, as the workman.—The formal, as that which is stamped upon all operations.—And the final, which is the design of the whole work. Now to explain this. The first cause of the statue (for the purpose) is the copper; for it had never been made, if there had not been something to work upon. The second is the artificer; for if he had not understood his art, it had never succeeded. The third cause is the form; for it could never properly have

been the statue of such, or such a person, if such a resemblance had not been put upon it. The fourth cause is the end of making it, without which it had never been made: as money, if it were made for sale; glory, if the workmen made it for his credit; or religion, if he designed the bestowing of it upon a temple. Plato adds a fifth, which he calls the idea, or the exemplar, by which the workman draws his copy. And he makes God to be full of these figures, which he represents to be inexhaustible, unchangeable, and immortal. Now, upon the whole matter, give us your opinion. To me it seems, that here are either too many causes assigned, or too few; and they might as well have introduced time and place, as some of the rest. Either clear the matter in question, or deal plainly, and tell us that you cannot; and so let us return to those cases, wherein all mankind is agreed, the reforming of our lives, and the regulation of our manners. For these subtilties are but time lost. Let us search ourselves in the first place, and afterward the world.

There is no great hurt in passing over those things which we are never the better for when we know; and, it is so ordered by Providence, that there is no great difficulty in learning, or acquiring, those things which make us either hap-

pier, or better. Beside that, whatsoever is hurtful to us, we have drawn out of the very bowels of the earth.

Every man knows, without telling, that this wonderful fabric of the universe is not without a governor, and that a constant order cannot be the work of chance; for the parts would then fall foul one upon another. The motions of the stars, and their influences, are acted by the command of an eternal decree. It is by the dictate of an Almighty Power, that the heavy body of the earth hangs in balance. Whence come the revolutions of the seasons, and the flux of rivers? The wonderful virtue of the smallest seeds? (as an oak to arise from an acorn). To say nothing of those things that seem to be most irregular and uncertain, as clouds, rain, thunder, the eruptions of fire out of mountains, earthquakes, and those tumultuary motions in the lower region of the air, which have their ordinate causes; and so have those things too, which appear to us more admirable, because less frequent. As scalding fountains, and new islands started out of the sea; or, what shall we say of the ebbing and flowing of the ocean, the constant times and measures of the tides, according to the changes of the moon that influences most bodies? but this needs not; for it is not that we doubt of Providence,

but complain of it: and it were a good office to reconcile mankind to the gods, who are undoubtedly best to the best. It is against nature that good should hurt good. A good man is not only the friend of God, but the very image, the disciple, and the imitator of him, and the true child of his heavenly father. He is true to himself; and acts with constancy and resolution. Scipio, by a cross wind, being forced into the power of his enemies, cast himself upon the point of his sword: and, as the people were enquiring what was become of the general—"The general," says Scipio, "is very well," and so he expired. What is it for a man to fall, if we consider the end, beyond which no man can fall? We must repair to wisdom for arms against fortune; for it were unreasonable for her to furnish arms against herself. A gallant man is fortune's match; his courage provokes and despises those terrible appearances, that would otherwise enslave us. A wise man is out of the reach of fortune, but not free from the malice of it; and all attempts upon him are no more than Xerxes's arrows, they may darken the day, but they cannot strike the sun, There is nothing so holy, as to be privileged from sacrilege. But, to strike, and not to wound, is anger lost; and he is invulnerable, that is struck, and not hurt. His resolution is tried; the waves

may dash themselves upon a rock, but not break it. Temples may be prophaned and demolished, but the Deity still remains untouched.

SOME TRADITIONS OF THE ANCIENTS CONCERNING THUNDER AND LIGHTNING; WITH THE AUTHOR'S CONTEMPLATION THEREUPON.

THERE is no question, but that Providence has given to mortals the tokens, or forerunners, of things to come, and by those means laid open, in some measure, the decrees of fate; only we take notice of some things, without giving any heed to others. There is not any thing done, according to the course of nature, which is not either the cause, or the sign of something that follows; so that wheresoever there is order, there is place for prediction. But there is no judgment to be given upon accidents. Now, though it is a very hard matter to arrive at the foreknowledge of things to come, and to predict particularly what shall hereafter fall out, upon a certain knowledge of the power and influences of the stars, it is yet unquestionable that they have a power, though we cannot expressly say what it is. In the subject of thunder there are several opinions, as to the significations of it. The Stoics hold, that because the cloud is broken, therefore the bolt is short, (according to common speech),

Three sorts of lightning

Others conjecture, that the cloud is broken to that very end, that it may discharge the thunderbolt, referring all in such sort to God, as if the signification did not arise from the thing done, but as the thing itself were done for the signification sake; but, whether the signification goes before, or follows, it comes all to the same point. There are three sorts of lightning: the first is so pure and subtile, that it pierces through whatsoever it encounters; the second shatters and breaks every thing to pieces; the other burns, either by blasting, consuming, inflaming, or discolouring, and the like. Some lightnings are monitory, some are menacing, and others they fancy to be promising. They allot to Jupiter three sorts, the first is only monitory and gentle, which he casts of his own accord: the second they make to be an act of counsel, as being done by the vote and advice of twelve gods.—This, they say, does many times some good, but not without some mischief too; as the destruction of one man may prove the caution of another. The third is the result of a council of the superior deities, from whence proceed great mischiefs, both public and private. Now this is a great folly to imagine, that Jupiter would wreak his displeasure upon pillars, trees, nay, upon temples themselves, and yet let the sacrilegious go free: to strike sheep, and consume altars; and all this upon a consul-

tation of the gods, as if he wanted either skill, or justice, to govern his own affairs by himself, either in sparing the guilty, or in destroying the innocent. Now, what should be the mystery of all this? The wisdom of our forefathers found it necessary, to keep wicked people in awe, by the apprehension of a superior power; and, to fright them into their good behaviour by the fear of an armed, and an avenging justice over their heads. But how comes it, that the lightning, which comes from Jupiter himself, should be said to be harmless; and that which he casts upon counsel and advice to be dangerous and mortal? The moral of it is this, that all kings should have Jupiter's example, do all good by themselves; and when severity is necessary, permit that to be done by others; beside that, as crimes are unequal, so also should be the punishments. Neither did they believe that Jupiter to be the thunderer, whose image was worshipped in the capitol, and in other places; but intended it for the Maker and Governor of the universe, by what name soever we shall call him. Now, in truth, Jupiter does not immediately cast the lightning himself, but leaves nature to her ordinary method of operation; so that what he does not immediately by himself, he does yet cause to be done; for whatsoever nature does, God does. There may be something gathered out of all things, that are

Fortune has no power over the dead.

either said, or done, that a man may be the better for; and he does a greater thing, that masters the fear of thunder, than he that discovers the reason of it. We are surrounded and beset with ill accidents, and since we cannot avoid the stroke of them, let us prepare ourselves honestly to bear them. But how must that be? by the contempt of death we do also contemn all things in the way to it, as wounds, shipwrecks, the fury of wild beasts, or any other violence whatsoever, which, at the worst, can but part the soul and the body: and we have this for our comfort, though our lives are at the mercy of fortune, she has yet no power over the dead.

How many are there that call for death, in the distress of their hearts, even for the very fear of it? and this unadvised desire of death does, in common, affect both the best and the worst of men; only with this difference, the former despise, and the other are weary of it.

It is a nauseous thing to serve the body, and to be so many years a doing so many beastly things, over and over. It is well, if in our lives we can please others; but whatever we do in our deaths, let us be sure to please ourselves. Death is a thing which no care can avoid, no felicity can time it, no power overcome it; other things are disposed of by chance and fortune, but death treats all men alike.

The prosperous must die, as well as the unfortunate; and, methinks, the very despair of overcoming our fate, should inspire us with courage to encounter it: for there is no resolution so obstinate, as that which arises from necessity. It makes a coward as bold as Julius Cæsar, though upon different principles. We are all of us reserved for death; and, as nature brings forth one generation, she calls back another. The whole dispute is about the time, but nobody doubts about the thing itself.

A CONTEMPLATION OF HEAVEN AND HEAVENLY THINGS—OF GOD—AND OF THE SOUL.

THERE is a great difference betwixt philosophy and other arts; and a greater yet, betwixt that philosophy itself, which is of divine contemplation, and that which has a regard to things here below. It is much higher and braver, it takes a larger scope; and, being unsatisfied with what it sees, it aspires to the knowledge of something that is greater and fairer, and which nature has placed out of our ken. The one only teaches us what is to be done upon earth; the other reveals to us that which actually is done in heaven—the one discusses our errors, and holds the light to us, by which we distinguish in the ambiguities of life; the other surmounts that darkness which

we are wrapt up in, and carries us up to the fountain of light itself. And then it is that we are in a special manner to acknowledge the infinite grace and bounty of the nature of things; when we see it not only where it is public and common, but in the very secrets of it, as being admitted into the cabinet of the divinity itself. There it is that we are taught to understand what is the matter of the world, who is the author and preserver of it. What God himself is, and whether he be wholly intent upon himself, or at any time descends to consider us. Whether he has done his work once for all, or whether he be still in action; whether he be a part of the world, or the world itself; whether he be at liberty, or no, to determine any thing anew to-day, and to controul, or derogate, from the law of fate; whether it be any diminution of his wisdom, or any confession of error, to do and undo, or to have made things that were afterward to be altered: for the same things must of necessity always please him, who can never be pleased but with that which is best. Now this is no lessening, either of his liberty, or of his power; for he himself is his own necessity. Without the benefit and the comfort of these thoughts, it had been even as well for us never to have been born. For, to what end do we live; is it only to eat and to drink? To stuff up an infirm and fluid carcass, that would perish

without it; and to live only to a servant to one that is sick? To fear death, to which we are all born? Take away this inestimable good, and life itself is not worth the labour and the care of it. Oh! how wretched, how contemptible a thing were man, if he should not advance himself above the state of human affairs! So long as we struggle with our passions, what is there in this world that we do, which is glorious? Nay, if we advance ourselves so far as to overcome them, it is but the destroying of so many monsters. And have we not then a mighty exploit to value ourselves upon, when we have made ourselves a little more tolerable than the worst of men? Is it not a wonderous matter to brag, that we are a little stronger than a man that is sick? Alas! alas! my friend, there is a large difference betwixt strength and health. You have not a wicked mind, perhaps; you may have a clear brow, a tongue that will not flatter, and a single heart; you have not that avarice, perchance, that refuses to itself whatsoever it takes from other people; nor that luxury, that squanders away money shamefully, and yet more shamefully repairs it; nor that ambition, that leads you by unworthy ways to places of preferment. These are only negatives; and you have got nothing all this while. You will tell me, that you have escaped many things; but you have not yet

escaped yourself. The virtue that we recommend is high and illustrious. Not that it is a happiness in itself to be free from evil, but because it dignifies and enlarges the mind; because it prepares for the knowledge of heavenly things, and makes it capable even of conversing with God himself. It is then arrived at the highest pitch of human felicity, when it soars aloft, and enters into the privacies of nature, trampling all that is evil, or vulgar, under his feet. What a delight, what a transport is it, for a soul that is wandering among the stars, to look down and laugh at the palaces of princes, and the whole globe of the earth, and all its treasures! I do not speak of that only that is converted into money and plate, but of that also which is reserved in the bowels of the earth, to gratify the insatiable covetousness of posterity. Nor can we ever bring ourselves to the absolute contempt of luxurious ornaments, rich furniture, stately buildings, pleasant gardens and fountains, until we have the world under us, and until looking down from the heavens, and beholding that spot of ground we live upon, the greater part of it covered with the sea, beside a great deal of it desolate, and either scorched, or frozen; we shall say thus to ourselves:—Is this miserable point the ball of contention, that is divided among so many nations with fire and sword? How ridiculous are the

bounds, as well as the contests of mortals; Such a prince must not pass such a river; nor another prince those mountains; and, why do not the very pismires canton out their posts and jurisdictions too? For, what does the bustle of troops and armies amount to, more than the business of a swarm of ants upon a mole-hill? The scene of all the important actions here below, where, both at sea and land, we tug and scuffle for dominion and wealth, is but a wretched point of earth; whereas the dominions of the soul above are boundless. This very contemplation gives us force, liberty, and nourishment: the mind is there at home; and it has this argument of its divinity, that it takes delight in what is divine. It contemplates the rising and the falling of the stars, and the admirable harmony of order, even in their various motions; discussing and enquiring into every thing, as properly appertaining unto itself. With how much scorn does it then reflect upon the narrowness of its former habitation? There it is, that it learns the end of its proper being, the knowledge of God. And, what is God? An immense and an almighty power; great, without limits; and he does whatsoever pleases him. He that applies himself to this study, transcends the very lot and condition of his mortality. That almighty power is all that

we do see, and all that we do not see. What is the difference betwixt the divine nature and ours? Man is compounded, and his best part is his mind; but the Almighty is all mind, and all reason; and yet mortals are so blind, that the actions of this incomprehensible power, so excellent for beauty, constancy, and disposition, are looked upon by many men only as fortuitous, and the work of chance; and subject to all the tumults of thunder, clouds, and tempests, that affect poor mortals. And this is not only the folly and madness of the common people, but the weakness also of the wise men. There are, that arrogate to themselves the faculties of Providence and reason, and the skill of disposing, as well other people's affairs as their own, and yet these very men are so besotted, as to imagine the world only to be governed by an unadvised rashness; as if nature knew not what she did. How profitable would it be for us to know the truth of things, and to allow them their due terms and measures? To enquire into the power of the Almighty, and the method of his workings; whether he made the matter itself, or found it ready to his hand; and whether was first, the matter itself, or the idea of it? Whether or no he does what he pleases; and what may be the reason of so many seeming imperfections in his operations? It is

well said of Aristotle, that we should handle divine matters with modesty and reverence. When we enter into a temple, or approach the altar, we compose our looks and our actions to all the decencies of humility and respect: how much more then does it concern us, when we treat of heavenly things, to deal candidly, and not to let one syllable pass our lips that may savour of confidence, rashness, or ignorance? Truth lies deep, and must be fetched up at leisure. How many mysteries are there, which God has placed out of our sight; and which are only to be reached by thought and contemplation! The notions of the divinity are profound and obscure; or else, perhaps, we see them, without understanding them. But the Divine Majesty is only accessible to the mind. What this is (without which nothing is) we are not able to determine; and when we have guessed at some sparks of it, the greater part lies yet concealed from us. How many creatures have we now in this age, that never were known to us before! and how many more will the next age know, more than we do! and many yet will be still reserved for after-times. The very rites of religion are at this day a secret, and unknown to many people. Nay, the very thing that we most eagerly pursue, we are not yet arrived at; that is to say, a perfection in wickedness. Vice

is still upon the improvement; luxury, immodesty, and a prostitute dissolution of manners will find still new matter to work upon. Our men are grown effeminate in their habits, in their motions, and in their ornaments, even to the degree of whorishness. There is nobody minds philosophy, but for want of a comedy, perhaps, or in foul weather, when there is nothing else to be done.

POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE I take my last leave of Seneca, I will here discharge my conscience, as if I were upon my last leave with the whole world. I have been so just, both to the reader and to the author, that I have neither left out any thing in the original, which I thought the one might be the better for; nor added any thing of my own, to make the other fare the worse. I have done, in this collection of Epistles, as a good husband does with his cold meat; they are only hash, made up of the fragments that remained of the two former parts, which I could not well dispose of in any other form; or so properly publish under any other title. Let me not yet be understood to impose this piece upon the public, as an abstract of Seneca's Epistles, any more than I did the other, for the abstracts of his Benefits and Happy Life. It is, in works of this nature, as it is in cordial waters, we taste all the ingredients, without be-

ing able to separate this from that; but still we find the virtue of every plant in every drop. To return to my allegory, books and dishes have this common fate; there was never any one of either of them that pleased all palates. And, in truth, it is a thing as little to be wished for, as expected: for an universal applause is at least two-thirds of a scandal. So that, though I deliver up these papers to the press, I invite no man to the reading of them; and whosoever reads, and repents, it is his own fault. To conclude, as I made this composition principally for myself, so it agrees exceedingly well with my constitution; and yet, if any man has a mind to take part with me, he has free leave and welcome. But let him carry this consideration along with him—that he is a very unmannerly guest, that presses upon another body's table, and then quarrels with his dinner.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

THIS abstract has now passed the fifth impression, but the world has not been altogether so kind, of late, to my politics as to my morals. And what is the meaning of it, but that we live in an age that will better bear the image of what people ought to do, than the history of what they do; and that is the difference they put betwixt the one and the other. We are not yet to take an estimate of the intrinsic value of truth, honesty, or reason, by fancy, or imagination; as if the standard of virtue were to be accommodated to the various changes and vicissitudes of times, interests, and contending parties: but so it falls out, that some verities, and some good offices, will take a false colour better than others, and set off an imposture with more credit and countenance to the common people. Daily experience tells us, that our affections are as liable

to be vitiated as our palates; insomuch, that the most profitable of meats, drinks, or remedies, lose not only their effect, but their very savour, and give us a loathing at one time, for that we longed for, and took delight in at another. But then we are to consider, that the humour may come about again; and that writings and opinions have their seasons too, and take their turns, as well as all other changeable things under the sun. So that let error, corruption, or iniquity, be ever so strong, ever so popular; let the ignorance of things, necessary to be known, be ever so dark and palpable, we may yet assure ourselves, that however truth and justice may suffer a temporary eclipse, they will yet, at the long run, as certainly vindicate themselves, and recover their original glory, as the setting sun shall rise again.

When I speak of my Morals, let me not be understood to play the plagiary, and to assume the subject matter of this work to myself; for it is Seneca's, every thought and line of it, though it would be as hard to refer each sentence, text, and precept, to the very place whence it was drawn, as to bring every distinct drop in a cask of wine to the particular grape from whence it was pressed. So that I have no other claim to the merit of this composition, than the putting of things in order that I found in confusion, and digesting the loose minutes and the broken medi-

tations of that divine heathen, into a kind of system of good counsels and of good manners. But how faithfully soever I have dealt with my author, in a just and genuine representation of his sense and meaning, so have I, on the other hand, with no less conscience and affection, consulted the benefit, the ease, and the satisfaction of the English reader, in the plainness and simplicity of the style, and in the perspicuity of the method. And yet, after all this, there is somewhat still wanting, methinks, toward the doing of a full right to Seneca, to the world, and to myself, and to the thorough-finishing of this piece; a thing that I have had in my head long and often, and ~~and~~ which I have as good a will to prosecute, even at this instant, as ever, if I could but flatter myself with day enough before me to go through with it. But before I come to the point under deliberation, it will do well, first, to take a view of the true state of the matter in hand, upon what ground we stand at present. Secondly, to consider from whence it is that we are to take our rise to it, and so to open, briefly, and by degrees, into the thing itself.

This abstract, I say, is entirely Seneca's; and though little more in bulk than the third part of the original, it is, in effect, a summary of the whole body of his philosophy concerning manners, contracted into this epitome, without either over-

charging it with things idle and superfluous, or leaving out any thing, which I thought might contribute to the order and dignity of the work. As to his school-questions, and philosophical disquisitions upon the natural reason of things, I have almost totally cast them out, as curiosities that hold little or no intelligence with the government of our passions, and the forming of our lives; and as matters, consequently, that are altogether foreign to my province. I have taken the liberty also, in many cases, where our author inculcates and enforces the same conceptions over and over again in variety of phrase, to extract the spirit of them, and, instead of dressing up the same thought in several shapes, to make some one adequate word, or sentence, serve for all. But when all is said that can be said, nay, and when all is done too that can be done, within the compass of an essay of this quality, though ever so correct in the kind, it is, at the best, but an abstract still; and a bare abstract will never do the business as it ought to be done.

It is not one jot derogatory to Seneca's character, to observe upon him, that he made it his profession rather to give lights and hints to the world, than to write *corpus's* of morality, and prescribe rules and measures in a set course of philosophy, for the common instruction of mankind: so that many of his thoughts seem to spring

only like sparks upon a kind of collision, or a striking of fire within himself, and with a very little dependence sometimes one upon another. What if those incomparable starts, and strictures of his, that no translator can lay hold of, shall be yet allowed, by the common voice of mankind, to be as much superior to those parts of him that will bear the turning, as the faculties and operations of the soul are to the functions of the body? and no way of conveying the benignity of those influences to the world, but by a speculation upon them in paraphrase. In few words, Seneca was a man made for meditation. He was undoubtedly a man of choice thoughts, and he employed the vigour of them upon a most illustrious subject. Beside that, that this ranging humour of his (as Mr. Hobbs expresses it), is accompanied with so wonderful a felicity of lively and pertinent reflections, even in the most ordinary occurrences of life; and his applications so happy also, that every man reads him over again within himself, and feels, and confesses in his own heart, the truth of his doctrine. What can be done more than this now in the whole world, toward establishing of a right principle? for there is no test of the truth and reason of things, like that which has along with it the assent of universal nature. As he was much given to thinking, so he wrote principally for thinking men; the pe-

riods that he lays most stress upon, are only so many detachments of one select thought from another, and every fresh hint furnishes a new text to work upon. So that the reading of Seneca, without reading upon him, does but the one half of our business; for his innuendos are infinitely more instructive than his words at length, and there is no coming at him in those heights without a paraphrase.

It will be here objected, that a paraphrase is but the reading upon a text, or an arbitrary descant upon the original, at the will and pleasure of the interpreter: if we have all of Seneca's that is good already, there is no place left for a supplement; and the animadversion will be no more Seneca's, at last, than our comments upon the word of God are holy writ.

A paraphrase, it is true, may be loose, arbitrary, and extravagant. And so may any thing else that ever was committed to writing; nay, the best, and the most necessary of duties, faculties, and things, may degenerate by the abuse of them, into acts of sin, shame, and folly. Men may blaspheme in their prayers; they may poison one another in their cups, or in their porridge. They may talk treason, and, in short, they may do a million of extravagant things in all cases and offices, that any man can imagine under the sun. And what is the objector's inference now,

from the possibility of this abuse, but that we are neither to pray, nor to eat, nor to drink, nor to open our mouths, nor, in fine, to do any thing else, for fear of more possibilities, as dangerous as the other? It is suggested again, that the paraphrase is foreign to the text, and that the animadvertor may make the author speak what he pleases. Now the question is not the possibility of a vain, an empty, a flat, or an unedifying exposition: but the need, the use, the means, the possibility, nay, and the easiness of furnishing a good one; beside that, there is no hurt at all, on the one hand, to countervail a very considerable advantage to all men of letters, and of common honesty, on the other. A short, or an idle comment, does only disgrace the writer of it, while the reputation of the author stands nevertheless as firm as ever it did: but he that finishes Seneca's Minutes, with proper and reasonable supplements, where he does not speak his own thoughts out at large, does a necessary right, both to the dead and to the living, and a common service to mankind.

He does a right to the dead, I say, more ways than one; for over and above the justice and respect that is due to his memory, it is, in a fair equity of construction, a performance of the very will of the dead. For all his fragments of hint and essay, were manifestly designed for other

people to meditate, read, and speculate upon; and a great part of the end of them is lost, without such an improvement; so that the very manner of his writings call for a paraphrase; a paraphrase he expected, and a paraphrase is due to him; and, in short, we owe a paraphrase to ourselves too; for the meaning of his hints and minutes does as well deserve to be expounded, as the sense and energy of his words. Nay, and when all is done, whoever considers how he diversifies the same thing over and over, in a change of phrase; how many several ways he winds and moulds his own thoughts; and how he labours under the difficulty of clearing even his own meaning: whoever considers this, I say, will find Seneca, upon the whole matter, to be in a great measure a paraphrast upon himself. He gives you his first sense of things, and then he enlarges upon it, improves it, distinguishes, expounds, dilates, &c. and when he finds at last that he cannot bring up the force of his words to the purity and vigour of his conception, so as to extricate himself in all respects to his own satisfaction, it is his course, commonly, to draw the stress of the question to a point, and there to let it rest; as a theme of light that stands effectually recommended to farther consideration. This must not be taken as if Seneca could not speak his own mind as full and as home as any man; or as if he left any thing

He stimulates readers to pursue his hints.

imperfect because he could not finish it himself; but it was a turn of art in him, by breaking off with an &c. to create an appetite in the reader of pursuing the hint; over and above the flowing of matter so fast upon him, that it was impossible for his words to keep pace with his thoughts.

Be this now spoken with all reverence to his divine Essays upon Providence, Happy Life, Benefits, Anger, Clemency, Human Frailty, &c. where he shews as much skill in the distribution of his matter, the congruity and proportion of the parts, and the harmony of the whole in the context, as he does of a natural felicity in adapting the tendency and the virtue of his sententious raptures to the use of human life. So that he was evidently in possession of both faculties, (of springing game, that is, and of flying it home,) though he made choice of exercising the one oftener than the other. There is a vein in this mixture, that runs through all his discourses, whether broken, or continued; albeit that there is no touching any piece of his to advantage, after he has finished it; there is room abundantly yet for explication, and for supplement, in other cases, where he snaps off short, with a kind of *cetera desiderantur;* and so leaves a foundation for those to build upon that shall come after him. Now these independent thoughts are the touches that I would offer to a farther improvement; and

Commentators should adhere to their theme.

only here and there one of the most elevated, even of them too, which will amount to no more, in the conclusion, than a discourse upon this or that theme, or text, under what name or title the expositor pleases. I would not, however, have the comment break in upon the context; and I would so scrupulously confine it to the bounds of modesty and conscience, as not to depart, upon any terms, either from the intent of the original, or from the reason of the matter in question: this office performed, would raise another Seneca out of the ashes of the former, and make, perhaps, a manual of salutary precepts, for the ordering of our passions, and for the regulation of our lives, not inferior to any other whatsoever, the divine oracles of holy inspiration only excepted. For it would reach all states of men, all conditions of fortune, all distresses of body, all perturbations of mind; and, in fine, it would answer all the ends that are worthy of an honest man's case. It was once in my head to digest the whole into such an abstract as might, at the same time, do the office also of a paraphrase, both under one; but what with the scruple of either assuming any of Seneca's excellencies to myself, or of imputing any of my weaknesses to Seneca, I compounded the matter thus within myself: that though both would do well, the doing of them separate and apart would be

best. Not but that the undertaker, I fear, will find well nigh as much difficulty to preserve his own reputation in his attempt, as to do right to the author; especially when he is sure to have every coffee-house sit upon him like a court of justice, and if he shall but happen to stumble upon any of the same figures or illustrations over again—if the supplement shall but have so much as the least tincture of any thing that is done already, a common criminal, for the basest sort of washing, clipping, and coining, shall find better quarter. Here is the old abstract, they will cry, juggled into a new paraphrase, and the same thing fobbed upon the world over again, only under another name. It will be hard to get clear of such a cavil when it shall be started, and it will be a very easy thing to find out a plausible colour for the setting of it afoot.

As to the supposal of disparaging an excellent author by a lewd paraphrase, it is as idle as to imagine that a canonical text should suffer for an heretical interpretation. And so for the fancy of robbing him of his due by a good one, in a case where the single point is only a virtuous emulation betwixt them which shall do the best upon the same topic. Now where the comment has a kindness for the text, there can be no interfering upon a pique of honour, though they should both happen to agree in the very self same